

WAS REFERRED BACK

DISAPPROVAL OF THE WIDE-OPEN RECIPROCITY PLAN.

New York Chamber of Commerce
Thinks that the Importing and Foreign Shipping Interests Are Not the Only Ones Entitled to Consideration.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has declined to pass the following resolutions reported by a committee whose chairman is Gustav H. Schwab, agent of a foreign line of steamships:

"Resolved, That this Chamber hereby expresses its disapproval of the action taken by the National Reciprocity Convention at Washington in its subversive of all attempts to bring about closer trade relations with our sister nations, and to open new and wider markets for our products, and to benefit further."

"Resolved, That the Chamber views with apprehension the policy advocated by the Reciprocity Convention, as likely to invite hostile legislation on the part of the other nations against this country to the great detriment of its commercial interests."

For once the New York Chamber of Commerce seems to have had the presence of mind to recognize the fact that it is not wholly committed to the interests of importers and foreign freight carriers. Present at the meeting were two gentlemen who had served the chamber as delegates to the reciprocity convention. Messrs. Charles A. Schieren and James Talbot decried to the proposed expression of disapproval, and in this they were supported by Cornelius N. Bliss, who said he favored a proper system of reciprocity, but he did not think that the chamber was sufficiently informed to discuss or take action at this time on so important a question. The relative was balanced, and all the more effective on that account. Three hundred of the leading manufacturers of the United States after six weeks of preparatory consideration and two days of thorough debate in convention, had, with but two dissenting votes, and one of these a delegate from the New England Free Trade League, decided in favor of such reciprocity as may be had "without injury to our manufacturing, commerce and farming." Rightly Mr. Bliss could contend that snap judgment ought not to be taken against the deliberate action of such a body of well-informed business men as they who made up the reciprocity convention. So Mr. Schwab's resolutions were "referred back," a polite euphemism for "sat down on."

The free trade New York Times, displeased with this, remarks:

"We cannot for the life of us see why this should have been done. They tell the indisputable truth in a straightforward way. The action taken by the reciprocity convention after its capture and perversion by the protectionists is undoubtedly subversive of attempts to open new and wider markets for our products; and the policy advocated by that convention is just as undoubtedly of a nature to invite retaliatory action by other nations. As a statement of fact, the resolutions are impeccable."

Does the Times know of any policy so "undoubtedly of a nature to invite retaliatory action by other nations" as that of granting to one nation special tariff concessions that are denied to competing nations? Does it not know, for example, that the new German tariff now under consideration in the Reichstag contains a clause which provides for the imposition of double duties upon imports from any country which grants to another nation a lower rate of duties than those imposed upon the products of Germany? To state the case more explicitly, the ratification of the French treaty would be instantly followed by such an increase in the German schedules as would practically bar out all American imports. What then? Why, a similar reciprocity treaty with Germany, of course. And if with Germany, with all other nations, always excepting Great Britain, the most liberal of all buyers of American exports, but which, having no tariff, could not retaliate. In short, free trade, or tariff war all round. Of all policies calculated to provoke reprisals and retaliation, the special trade treaty policy is the most provocative. The New York Chamber of Commerce did well to "refer back" Mr. Schwab's resolutions.—American Economist.

Why the Workers Don't Join In.
It is a source of great disappointment to anti-tariff men that the cry against the trusts, so-called, meets with so faint a response among those who, if the cry were round and true, ought to be aroused by it to defend their interests. If, as alleged, the trusts increase prices and depress wages, the wage-earners should be fully aware of it and should lose no time in uniting for the regulation, if not for the suppression, of a gigantic evil.

But the fact is that a great army of men and women is employed by the concerns called trusts, and these workers are probably much better informed on the matter of wages and prices than the anti-trust writers. It is with them a matter of every-day experience, and they do not join in the line and cry. Handicrafts there probably are, and neither small nor large employers are always just to their people, but there seems to be no evidence of aggressive conditions on a scale large enough to justify the drastic punitive devices advocated by some politicians.

Town and the Nation.
The State of Iowa need not care how proud she is. With two members of the cabinet, the directorship of the mint, the Speakership of the House,

THE SKATING SEASON IS ON.

EXTRAORDINARY ACT OF MISS EMMA H. KING.

Inoculated with Deadly Germs to Disprove the Theories of Koch—She Now Has Tuberculosis and May Fall a Victim to Science.

By an act of martyrdom in the cause of science, Miss Emma H. King, a New York trained nurse, has drawn upon herself the gaze of the world. The medical fraternity is particularly interested in her case, because it is to demonstrate whether tuberculosis can be transmitted from a cow to a human being.

Dr. Koch, the eminent German, admitted to the authority on diseases of the lungs, created something of a sensation last summer by the announcement that he had discovered that bovine tuberculosis is communicable to human beings. This assertion was contrary to the generally accepted belief. So well grounded was the idea that tuberculosis germs in a cow could affect a person, that by order of the government, thousands of herds of cattle, thus affected have from time to time been killed, in order that the disease might not be transmitted to persons drinking their milk. According to Koch's theories, these precautions were unnecessary and a waste of really valuable cow flesh.

Among those who doubted the truth of the German scientist's assertion was Dr. George D. Barney of Brooklyn. He set out to demonstrate its inaccuracy or, at least, its extreme improbability. Purchasing a healthy cow, he injected a broth containing tubercle from a human being into the animal. The cow died in the advanced stages of the disease. Having proved Dr. Koch's theory would not work backward, his next thought was to demonstrate that it was not tenable as originally stated. At this time he was treating Miss King for tonsillitis and, on one occasion, mentioned the fact that he was looking for a subject upon whom to make the experiment. Miss King was much interested and when assured by the doctor that there was really no danger attached to the experiment she offered herself for the test. For the infection Dr. Barney used the germs taken from a mammary gland of the infected cow, which he prepared in a solution. Before the operation Dr. Barney requested Miss King to make a formal declaration of her entire acquiescence, and the young woman did so, and insisted upon adding a clause exonerating the physician in the event of an unexpected development.

Miss King said: "I have contracted tuberculosis and I have exactly what I expected to get when I first undertook to help Dr. Barney with the experiment. At first I thought I would not get consumption. I felt cheerful, although I did not feel well. I can't put into words all the feelings I had, except to say that after the burning sensation and swelling away from the chest, where the poison was injected it seemed just as if a big icicle was gradually growing, growing and spreading and aching down into my lungs. I am sure that I will be cured, but for the benefit of any one else who may ever essay a like experiment I want to say that they should be very sure of their nerves before they undertake it."

THE GREAT DEAD OF 1901.

Year Has Been Notable in Passing of Conspicuous People.

The year 1901 has been quite as notable as any of its recent predecessors in the loss of those who have been conspicuous in their various departments of labor and have made their names widely known. The political world has lost William McKinley, murdered during his presidency by the assassin Czolgosz at the Pan-American Exposition; Benjamin Harrison, the eminent lawyer and ex-President; William M. Evans, also, a great lawyer and ex-Secretary of State; Prince von Hohenlohe, the German ex-ambassador; Francesco Crispi, the ex-prime minister of Italy; and Li Hung Chang, the smartest and shrewdest man of his time in China. Among the rulers of the world Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, has passed away; likewise the Dowager Empress Frederick, Abdul Rahman Khan, the Amir of Afghanistan, and Milan, the dissolute ex-king of Serbia.

The world of literature and the arts has suffered severely. Among the prominent writers who have passed away are John Fiske, the historian; Charlotte M. Yonge, and Sir Walter Besant, novelists; Robert W. Chambers, the British poet; William Ellery Channing, of the famous Concord group of writers; Maurice Thompson, the story writer and essayist; and Ignatius Donnelly, the romancer and Baconian cipher inventor. Music has lost Verdi, the last of the old school Italian opera composers; Benoit, who was the chief representative of the Flemish school of composition; Sir John Stainer, the organizer and author of the best dictionary of terms yet produced; Franz Rummel, the pianist; Alfred Piatti, the cellist; and Andran, the French light opera composer. In art France loses Jean Cocteau, one of its greatest painters; Eugène, Kate Greenaway, the delightful illustrator; and the United States, James McEl, Hargrave and Edward Moran, two of the best representatives of the old school of painting.

CUTS OFF \$18,000,000.

Uncle Sam Reduces His Bill Against China for Peking Suez Expense.

China will be relieved of the payment of \$18,000,000 of the \$25,000,000 demanded by the United States as indemnity for the outrages perpetrated upon American citizens during the Boxer revolt of 1900.

The administration, after consideration of all the claims filed by Americans who suffered injury or whose property was damaged and the expenses incurred by the army and navy, has come to the conclusion that \$7,000,000 will cover the American bill.

Following are the amounts China agreed to pay the powers:

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Chronicle for Church Attendants.

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Passengers Have Narrow Escape.

An attempt to wreck a car on the Toledo, Bowling Green and Southern Electric Railroad was made near Bowling Green, Ohio. The car with twenty passengers ran into a pile of boards placed on the track, where it runs along a deep gully. By good fortune the car did not leave the track, and a calamity was thus averted.

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"Among those who showed up on circus day," continued the agent, "was a giant, rawboned young farmer, with a fist like a half-bushel measure. He had business in his eye, but no one noticed it until too late. He entered the animal tent with hundreds of others and made for the elephant at once. The old fellow was chained by the leg to a stake and munching away at a pile of hay and the countryman squared off and gave him a good looking over. Then he asked a keeper:

"Is this the critter that has killed a dozen men?"

"It is," was the reply, "and you'd better keep a safe distance."

"He smashes up circuses and devastates farms, does he?"

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"Then I'll stop him right now," replied the young fellow, and he jumped in and hit the 'rajah' a sockdolager on the ear that knocked him as flat as a pancake. They heard that blow clear out to the ticket wagon and it took six men and a \$2 bill to work that farmer out doors without getting up a riot. As for the elephant, he lay right there as if dead for a good half-hour, and it was a week before he got over the headache and got his appetite back. The papers gave me the grand guy about it," continued the advance agent, "according to the Detroit Free Press, 'and I had to drop him out of my ads and claim that our Bengal tiger was the only real man-eater ever exhibited in a state of captivity.'"

PREPARING FOR A STRUGGLE.

Russia Is Watching Japan's Rapid Progress with Jealous Eye.

About Japan Russia thinks night and day. When she, with the help of France and Germany, had unceremoniously kicked Japan out of Port Arthur and off the mainland of China, Russia probably thought that she had done with the little island empire for a long time. But Japan thought otherwise, and proceeded to lay out a program of naval and military expansion due to mature a short time before the Trans-Siberian Railway was to be completed. Many things have conspired to hinder the progress of the great railway, but Japan's military and naval schemes have gone steadily onward in spite of all financial difficulties.

To-day she has a magnificent navy, including the most powerful battleship afloat, stronger than any fleet Russia could safely send to the far east, while her army is at least equal in numbers and superior in equipment and scientific training to the land forces Russia could muster on the eastern side of her vast dominions. And between the two nations there lies Korea—a territorial deadlock. Russia cannot allow Japan to have it, for that would give her eastern border a land frontier to a military power. Japan cannot allow Russia to have it, for that would leave her island home almost within gunshot of the troops and the naval bases of the Colossus of the north, and deprive her of an outlet for her overflowing population. At present Japan is waiting, for her influence and her people and her trade are increasing in Korea every day.

It is a very dangerous situation indeed, says Henry Stimson in Scribner's, and Russia would give much for a diplomatic exit from this military and naval anxiety. So, too, would Japan, whom it has nearly ruined, and the situation would inevitably hatch out a treaty, except for the simple difficulty that neither country will relinquish the only thing the other wants.

Graphophone in the Exports.

The graphophone is beginning to figure as a considerable American export, and certainly it is one of the most curious and interesting. While its commercial uses are beyond the comprehension of heads of the Persian, the Hindu or the South Sea Islander, each of them is fascinated by an invention which reproduces the familiar sounds of the human voice and entertains them with grand and light opera and orchestra music.

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SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Pastor, A. Orval Alexander. Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Class meeting 10 a. m. Sabbath school, 12 m. Epworth League, 6:30 p. m. Junior League, 8:45 p. m. Tuesday, Prayer meeting, every Wednesday evening.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. G. L. Gulchard, Pastor. Regular Services every 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 o'clock and Y. P. S. C. U. at 8:30 every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

DANISH EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH—Rev. A

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

PICKETING IS LEGAL.

60 DECIDED BY JUDGE CHET-
LAIN OF CHICAGO.

Jurist Holds, However, That Labor
Unions Must Stop with Persuasion
and Not Use Force—Towns Farmers
Bound for Isle of Pines.

Labor unions have a right to establish pickets in the public streets and highways for the purpose of inducing, in good faith and by peaceful means, non-union workmen to leave their places. Judge Chetlain of Chicago handed down this most important ruling the other day. It was in the case of the petition for temporary injunction filed by Robert Tarrant against the local lodges of the International Machinists' Association and the union pickets, which have patrolled the streets near his shop, to restrain them from interfering with his workmen. Though the ruling is directly opposite to that of the federal court in a recent case, Judge Chetlain granted the injunction, but he was careful to explain that it was not because Tarrant's place was picketed, but because the pickets had used threats and possibly violence. After expressing his views on the question of the right of the union pickets, Judge Chetlain qualified it by saying that though pickets have the right under the law to use persuasion they have no right to resort to violence.

IOWA FARMERS GO TO CUBA.

Will Form Colony in Isle of Pines and
Grow Tropical Fruits.

A large party of Iowa farmers sailed from New Orleans for the Isle of Pines, off Cuba, to found a colony of tropical fruit growers. There are twenty-three families in the party and they came from Spirit Lake and Fairfield and that section of Iowa. T. J. James is a leader in the high colonization scheme to locate good, thrifty American farmers on this, the least known of all Uncle Sam's new possessions. Mr. James says all the Iowans are going into the fruit raising business. Other large parties are soon to follow.

Printing Plant in Toledo Burned.

In Toledo fire was discovered in the basement of the Franklin Printing and Engraving Company's plant. The fire spread with such rapidity that within twenty minutes it had reached every part of the building. The fire department was successful in its efforts to keep the fire from spreading, but the printing company's plant was entirely destroyed. The loss on the stock and machinery amounted to \$75,000 and on the building \$17,000.

Wins Over Senator Gamble.

At Yankton, S. D., the Circuit Court dissolved the injunction secured by United States Senator Gamble to prevent his old law partner, O. H. Dillon, from entering the office of the firm or receiving its mail. Mr. Gamble asks for an accounting of the partnership and this will come up at a regular term.

Killed in Triple Collision.

Because of a wrong signal at the Nineveh tower a fast coast-bound Pennsylvania freight and a slow freight loaded with five miles west of Jobstown, Pa., and a few minutes later a west-bound freight crashed into the wreck, causing the death of four persons and the serious injury of at least two others.

Vandals in Sheldon's Church.

The Central Congregational Church of Topeka, Kan., the pastor of which is Rev. C. M. Sheldon, was entered by vandals and badly defaced. Caricatures were drawn on the walls and furniture and books and other articles were destroyed. Several small articles were stolen from Mr. Sheldon's study.

Yachtmen Are Missing.

The captains and crews of the steamer Sparta and the yacht Parker, comprising some of the best known yachtsmen on the New York coast, have been missing for several days. It is believed that they were caught in the storms of the past few days off the coast, about twelve miles from shore.

Business Man Kills Himself.

Henry C. Tatum, secretary and treasurer of the Commercial Travelers' Association, was found dead in bed at his residence in St. Louis. Death is supposed to have resulted from a dose of poison which he took before retiring.

Wreck in Texas Cotton.

Taking the census figures of production as a basis, it is estimated from reports of 411 correspondents that the boll weevil destroyed cotton in Texas during the past season as follows: Southwest Texas, 100,000 bales; east Texas, 7,500; central Texas, 45,000; coast district, 90,000; total, 242,500 bales.

Young Woman Takes Awful Leap.

In Cincinnati Miss Anna Clark, a domestic, died as a result of a frightful jump from a trestle fifty feet in a frenzied effort to escape death from an approaching train. She was alive when picked up, but later died at the hospital.

Fatal Wreck in Georgia.

As the result of a head-on collision between two freight trains of the Southern Railway near Rex, Ga., three of the train crew were killed and a number of freight cars destroyed by fire.

National Bank Robbed.

The First National Bank of Glassport, Pa., was robbed the other night of \$3,500. The vault was blown open by dynamite. The year of the building was wrecked. A package of paper money containing \$10,000 was overlooked by the burglars.

Wigilans to Sue Marconi.

Prof. E. Stone Wigilans, the weather prophet, says he will take legal action to upset Mr. Marconi's patents on wireless telegraphy. The professor alleges that Marconi has stolen his ideas.

Will of F. H. Peavey.

The will of F. H. Peavey, Minneapolis elevator king, disposes of estate estimated at \$2,350,000 in hundreds of bequests, including gifts to employees and relatives. Continuation of his grain business is provided for and \$1,000,000 is put into it.

Murder on Mississippi Train.

J. M. Ithen, an inoffensive passenger on the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley branch of the Illinois Central, was murdered by four men near Leland, Miss. The murderers then seized the engine and attempted to escape, but were captured and put in jail at Shelby.

PLOT TO STEAL A ZEPPELIN.

New York Police Have Seen of Millionaire from Germany.
While Mrs. George J. Gould and three of her children were attending a matinee at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, two men in a near-by saloon discussed a plan to kidnap her second son, Jay, as the Gould party left the house. The police were informed of the plot within ten minutes after the men had been overheard. When Mrs. Gould left the opera house with her children to enter the automobile which was waiting for her a central office detective was at her heels. His vigilant watch was not relaxed until the vehicle had rolled away from the entrance, homeward bound. Mrs. Gould was not informed of the precautions taken. Mrs. Gould went to the opera in a public automobile and ordered the man to return for her at 4 o'clock. Her orders were overheard by two men lurking near the entrance. The two men, Jay Gould, Jr., and his wife, Helen, were attracted much attention as they went in because of their charming appearance, the two little girls dressed all in white, the little boy in blue. The chauffeur was pleased to tell questions which his distinguished passengers asked through his remarks the reporters learned of the identity of the children. The plot was the result.

JOURNALIST KILLS A FOOTPAD.

Eugene Hector Shoots Down a Thug
Who Sought to Hold Him Up.

Eugene Hector, a newspaper man, shot and killed a footpad at Calumet avenue and Twenty-first street, Chicago. From papers found on his person the dead highwayman is supposed to be George J. Donovan, Springfield, Mass. He was about 22 years old, and belonged, it is believed, to a respectable family. Donovan's companion, Edward Conger, was shot at three times by Robert E. Stone from his window at 21st street and Prairie avenue. Conger was captured by Patrolmen White and Watson. Mr. Hector was on his way to the 22d street station of the Illinois Central Road when he was intercepted by the two men. Suspecting that they were highwaymen, he drew his revolver from his pocket and hid it in the folds of his overcoat. When the two footpads reached him and ordered him to throw up his hands, pointing revolvers at him as he did so, he fired and wounded Donovan in the eye. The thief was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, where he died two hours later.

VALET AND RICH GEMS GONE.

P. G. Thebaud Robbed of \$100,000 in
Jewelry and Diamonds.

When Paul G. Thebaud of New York wanted to dress for dinner the other night he missed his valet, and shortly afterward discovered that his collection of diamonds, said to be worth \$100,000, was gone. Mr. and Mrs. Thebaud are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Willits at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. The gems were stolen from a jewelry box, and also from the city home of Mr. Thebaud. Edward Kerns, the missing valet, drove to White Plains the previous morning, and his absence was not noticed until his master needed his services in dressing for dinner.

DOUBLE TRAGEDY IN OHIO.

Frank Manning Shoots His Son-in-Law
and Is Himself Killed.

At 2 o'clock Friday morning on the Iron Railroad line, three miles back of Ironton, Ohio, occurred an event that will end in a double tragedy. Frank Wilson, jealous of his stepbrother, at whose house Wilson's wife was staying, quarreled with his father-in-law, Frank Manning. Manning shot Wilson's right arm off with a shotgun. Wilson with his left hand drew a revolver and shot Manning through the heart, killing him instantly. Wilson was some hours in getting medical attention and will die.

May Not Buy Teles.

There is a growing belief in Washington that President Roosevelt will withdraw the offer of the United States to purchase the Danish West Indian Islands unless the government of Denmark very shortly cuts loose from the speculation in the purchase of the islands. Information of the deal through their desire to share in the profits.

Probably Fatal Railway Wreck.

A collision between freight trains on the Pennsylvania road near Tiffin, Ohio, Engineer Keister and C. J. Chadwick, operator at Warsaw Junction, were buried under the debris for hours. Both were badly injured and nearly frozen.

Palma Elected in Cuba.

The election returns indicate that Tomas Estrada Palma has been elected president of Cuba and that a light vote has been cast throughout the island. In Havana and in most of the large cities the partisans of Gen. Bartolome Maso did not vote.

German Steamer Wrecked.

The German steamer Clara was wrecked near Hoi-Hu, Island of Hainan. Forty-two of the ship's company were saved by the French steamer Hanoi, but Captain Ullstrup and three other officers, four European passengers and eleven Chinese are missing.

Russia Will Not Amend It.

M. P. Lissan, the Russian minister to China, has informed the Chinese plenipotentiaries, Prince Ching and Wang Wen Shao, that the Russian government will refuse to amend the Manchurian treaty, and the situation is practically a deadlock.

Fireman Leaps to Death.

G. H. Mull, fireman on the Erie Railroad, leaped from the cab of an engine near Lima, Ohio, and was killed. He thought a train on a siding was about to crash into his engine. His home was in Galion.

Miss Alice Roosevelt's Debut.

A brilliant White House ball, the first of the kind since the days of the Grant regime, was given in honor of the Washington debut of Miss Alice Roosevelt. Seven hundred guests were present, many cities being represented.

Congress Brain Normal.

The brain of the assassin Czolgosz was perfectly normal, so far as investigation by specialists could determine. This was a statement made at the meeting of scientists at the University of Chicago the other day.

Germany Stays Her Hand.

Germany will postpone a display of force in Venezuela pending the outcome of the revolution. In the event that Castro is overthrown the new head of government will probably come to satisfactory terms.

Million Feet of Gas a Day.

An enormous gusher giving a million feet of gas a day was struck in the Wild Cat territory, near Rockledge, Ohio, by the Springfield Gas Company. Several hundred gallons had been drilled near the gusher.

Double Tragedy in Kansas.

Albert Doty, living near Lyndon, Kan., killed his wife by beating her over the head with a gun barrel. Doty then escaped.

GEN. ESTRADA PALMA, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

caped and the next morning his horribly mutilated body was found on the Missouri Pacific Railway, showing evidence of suicide. As a result of the crime Mrs. Doty's mother, Mrs. Taylor, has become insane. Doty was 25 years old, and a paroled prisoner from the Hutchinson reformatory.

ADULTS KILLING PEARL SUTTON.
Chas. M. Holcomb Regains Consciousness and Tells His Story.
Charles H. Holcomb, one of the principals in the Gould Hotel tragedy in St. Louis, regained consciousness and told a coherent story of the affray in which he killed Pearl Sutton. He says that he and the woman were in his room drinking, when they quarreled and she struck him. He picked up a hatchet, when she seized her arm and turned the hatchet against the woman. The revolver was discharged several times during the struggle, the bullets hitting Pearl in the head and arm. When she fell he beat her over the head with the hatchet and afterward placed the body on the bed, after which he lost consciousness.

DIE IN FIRESWEPT WRECK.

Two Killed and Many Maimed in Baltimore and Ohio Passenger Train No. 6 from Chicago.

Two men were killed and more than twenty injured in the wreck of Baltimore and Ohio passenger train No. 6 from Chicago. The engine jumped the track on a curve a mile and a half west of Glenview, Ill., and pitched over a high embankment. Mail, baggage, coal car and deeper plunged into the ditch on top of the engine. The gas tanks in the passenger cars exploded, setting fire to the woodwork, and within thirty minutes the former finely appointed, vestibule-train was only a heap of ashes and twisted iron.

FIRE SCARES HOTEL GUESTS.

Flames in Morton House and Keith's Theater Entail \$30,000 Loss.

The Morton House and Keith's Theater at Union Square and Fourteenth street, New York, were threatened with destruction by fire. One hundred frightened patrons of the hotel were forced by the smoke to make hasty exit from the rooms, and a great deal of excitement was caused in the neighborhood by the fear that the fire would spread. Twenty-two firemen were overcome by smoke, and the fire department worked three hours before it had the flames under control. The loss was estimated at \$30,000.

INSURGENTS ARE DRIVEN OUT.

Lieutenant, with Two Ordinances, Overpowers Twenty Filipinos.

Lieut. Charles D. Rhodes of the Sixth Cavalry, accompanied by two ordinances, when within six miles of Manila, came across twenty armed insurgents in a cart, or barracks. The insurgents shouted "Americanos" and Lieut. Rhodes fired a retreat. Then seeing that the insurgents were off their guard he took the cart and drove into the camp of the insurgents, capturing arms and ammunition. Rhodes then burned the barracks down and proceeded to Manila.

SHARP FIGHT WITH BURGLARS.

Postoffice at Nottingham, O., Looted and the Thieves Escape.

Burglars blew the safe in the postoffice and general store at Nottingham, a Cleveland suburb. The explosion awakened Postmaster Hoose, who with several clerks opened fire on the crooks, as the latter were leaving the building with their booty. The burglars returned the fire and fully two dozen shots were exchanged. After a long running fight, however, the robbers escaped. A bloody trail showed that at least one of their number had been badly wounded.

Gerónimo Will Be Released.

Gen. Frank Armstrong, as agent of the War Department, is at Fort Sil, Ok., making arrangements for the release of Chief Gerónimo and the 200 Arizona Apache Indians who are held by the government as prisoners of war. They were captured by Gen. Lawton twelve years ago after a 3,000-mile campaign. They will be allotted land by the government.

Seeks World Match Trust.

O. C. Barber is at home in Akron, Ohio, from a recent European trip. He states that he has been successful in getting control of the match business in some of the countries he visited, and that it is the plan of the Diamond Match Company to eventually get control of the match-making industry of the world.

Twenty Japanese Missing.

Twenty Japanese are missing from Stevenson, B. C., and are supposed to have been killed or drowned in the destruction of a Japanese fishing boat between Stevenson and Point Roberts. The boarding house stood out on piles, and not a vestige of the structure now remains.

Great Elevator Man Dies.

Frank H. Peavey, head of the Peavey Grain Company, and said to be the greatest elevator owner in the world, died at the Auditorium Annex in Chicago. Pneumonia, with which Mr. Peavey had been afflicted for some time since Dec. 22, was the cause of death.

Flouring Mills May Close.

Many of the largest flouring mills in Kansas will have to shut down soon if the price of wheat does not drop from the recent high level. The mills which stocked up heavily two months ago at lower prices are running to full capacity and are making big money on their flour.

Injunction Retards Consolidation.

Minnesota court granted temporary injunction restraining officers of Northern Pacific Company from retiring preferred stock, from transferring property to Northern Securities Company and from entering into any agreement with competing lines to fix rates.

Greely's Friend a Pauper.

Louis Carmichael, who nominated Horace Greely for President at the Baltimore convention in 1872, will spend the winter at a country place near Binghamton, N. Y. Once a prosperous farmer, Carmichael is now a poor and aged cripple.

Takes Charge of Syndicate.

Committee of seven Cleveland bankers has taken over the financial affairs of the Peverett-Moore syndicate after a conference. Solvency of the syndicate is not in doubt, the action being due to the need of ready cash by the electric railway and telephone companies controlled by it.

Catholic College Burned.

The Sacred Heart College, attached to St. Joseph's Church, Calico, N. Y., was totally destroyed, and St. Ann's convent, which adjoins it, was badly damaged by fire. The total damage is \$50,000.

Large New Year's Reception.

Crowds attending the New Year's reception at the White House have all records. President Roosevelt shook hands with 8,100 persons and showing no weariness when his task was over.

Will Organize Philippine Fire Boys.

Hugh J. Honner, former fire chief of New York, has been chosen to organize the fire departments in the Philippines.



GEN. THOMAS ESTRADA PALMA.

GEN. THOMAS ESTRADA PALMA, who has been elected as the first President of the Cuban Republic, has lived in Central Valley, N. Y., at the foot of the Ramapo mountains, in a four-story frame house for eighteen years.

Gen. Palma is of medium height, broad shouldered and strong. His hair is dark, with here and there just a streak of gray. He speaks English fluently. For thirty years he has labored indefatigably for Cuban freedom. As the head of the Cuban junta during the last Cuban revolt he did much to bring the Cubans their independence.

Gen. Palma believes friendship for the American people should be the first aim of the Cuban republic. In an interview he said: "The principal object of the Cuban republic should be first of all to secure the most friendly relations with the American people, who helped us in our hour of need. We will always bear in mind the United States in helping us to obtain our independence from Spanish rule."

WINTER WHEAT GOOD.

Condition Is Considered Satisfactory in Most Localities.

December, 1901, was abnormally cold throughout the upper lake region, central valleys and Southern States, where the temperature averaged from three degrees to eight degrees below the normal, the most marked deficiencies occurring in the central Mississippi, lower Missouri and lower Ohio valleys. In the middle Atlantic coast districts the month averaged colder than usual, but the deficiency in three degrees per day, and slight deficiencies in the monthly mean temperatures are also shown over the central and southeastern Rocky mountain slopes. The month averaged milder than usual over the greater part of New England, in the Pacific coast States, except along the immediate coasts of Oregon and Washington, throughout the northern plateau region, and over portions of the middle and southern plateau region, the most marked excess occurring in Idaho and Montana.

Winter wheat was subjected to very trying temperature conditions from the 14th till about the 23d, during which period extremely cold weather prevailed throughout the lake region, central valleys and Southern States. Fortunately for the crop, however, a light covering of snow afforded very material protection in the principal wheat-growing States during the period of greatest cold. At the close of December the condition of winter wheat was generally satisfactory in the lake region, northern portions of Illinois and Missouri, and in Nebraska and Kansas, the reports being less favorable south of the Ohio river and in the middle Atlantic States. The outlook on the Pacific coast is highly encouraging, although drying winds and absence of rain in California have been unfortunate. In Indiana, northern portions of Illinois and Missouri, and in Nebraska and Kansas, the reports being less favorable south of the Ohio river and in the middle Atlantic States. The outlook on the Pacific coast is highly encouraging, although drying winds and absence of rain in California have been unfortunate.

BALL FOR MISS ROOSEVELT.

Debut of President's Eldest Daughter at the White House.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, the eldest daughter of President Roosevelt, was presented formally to Washington society the other night at a ball given in her honor at the White House. About 500 guests in all were present, many of whom either were connections of the Roosevelt family or well-known society people living outside of Washington.

Miss Roosevelt is the first White House debutante since 1873, when Miss Nellie Grant, the daughter of President Grant, was introduced to society at a ball which was the gayest social event of the decade.

Miss Roosevelt presented a charming appearance in a dress of white chiffon with white roses and wearing the jewels which her father gave her at Christmas.

POLICEMAN IS INDICTED.

Evansville, Ind., Officer Held for Alleged Double Murder.

William S. Sherwell, the Evansville, Ind., policeman, accused of strangling two women, was indicted by the grand jury. Sherwell had been known up to that time as a model policeman. His alleged victims were Miss Lena Renner and Miss Georgia Kelley. Both were found strangled to death, lying face downward in the city which employed Sherwell to guard the lives and property of its inhabitants. The crimes were committed five miles apart.

TALKED NEARLY A MILE.

Kentucky Inventor Makes Great Claims for Wireless Telephone.

A successful public exhibition of wireless telephony was conducted at Murray, Ky., by Nathan Stubbelfield, an electrician and inventor. He was able to talk a distance of from 1,500 to 2,000 yards, which was as far as the trial tests were made. The public tests were but a continuation of numerous private tests that Stubbelfield has made recently. He has, in the presence of a number of intelligent and reputable citizens, conducted tests which were convincing for the distance, of what trials were made.

NAME FOR MARCONI'S SYSTEM.

Atmospherogram, Etherogram, Aerogram and Alogram Suggested.

Officials of the signal service and of the Navy Department are looking for a word. They want a short and simple term that will stand for the laborious expression employed, "A message transmitted by wireless telegraph." One genius in the War Department suggested "atmospherogram," a student of natural forces believes that "etherogram" would be better. But Gen. Greeley, chief of the signal service, has not taken kindly enough to either of these to advocate its use in official reports and the reports of its adoption into language. "Aerogram" finds most favor, with the signal service as a coined word fitting the need created by the Marconi discoveries. It is short and simple, almost as convenient as "cablegram" or "telegram," and on its face shows what it means. After it is in everyday use, its pronunciation will doubtless be shortened to "airgram."

Telegraphic Brevities.

Missouri postoffice discontinued; Quarles mail to Clinton; Sharbore, mail to Blomery.

A postoffice has been established at Alden, O. T., with Jennie Carpen as postmistress.

William Walcott Astor has donated \$50,000 for the promotion of civilian rifle clubs in Great Britain.

The Baldwin Locomotive works is reported to have orders for about 700 locomotives to be built and delivered during 1902.

The contract for the construction of a \$800,000 sugar factory to be built at Dresden, Ind., has been let.

Wright May, a Missouri Pacific employe in the yards at Jefferson City, Mo., was run over and killed by a train.

The Woman's Club of Denver, Colo., has asked for the appointment of a woman on the police force at that city.

Papers incorporating the American Landmark Company, capital \$8,000,000, were filed with the County Clerk of Essex County, New Jersey.

It is said that the stockholders of the Panama Canal Company are anxious to sell the property and franchises to the United States for \$40,000,000.

DIE IN OCEAN WRECK.

Forty-one Dead and Lost in Crash in Fog.

Iron Bark Hits Steamer on Pacific Coast—Latter Sinks in 35 Minutes—Former Gets Away Without Attempting to Aid Disabled Boat.

In a thick haze and without a second's warning an iron bark, believed to be French, struck the passenger steamer Walla Walla off Cape Mendocino, sinking her within thirty-five minutes and causing a loss of life which is believed to amount to forty-one persons. Despite the darkness and a choppy sea the officers of the vessel quelled an impatient panic and succeeded in getting the passengers and crew of the vessel into the small boats of safety. The sailing vessel, though probably not severely injured, did not stand by to rescue, but made her escape in the fog.

The crash was fearful. There was a brisk breeze blowing and the bark loomed out of the mist with full sail set, going probably at twelve to fourteen knots. It struck the Walla Walla bow on just about the bow with such force as to completely stove in that portion of the steamer. The steering quarters were the most severely injured by the impact and it is among these passengers that the loss of life was the greatest. Captain Linn showed marked heroism in going down to that portion of the steamer which was most smashed and releasing passengers from the cabins in which they had been pinned by broken timbers and buckled plates.

Of the 142 passengers and crew on the Walla Walla 109 are accounted for, as follows: Eighty-four survivors are at Portoken, 117 at Big Lagoon, near Trinidad, seven were drowned before reaching land and one unknown woman died from the shock and exposure after reaching shore. At the time of the collision all the passengers were sleeping in the ship's cabin on deck were the members of the port watch, in command of the second officer. Every person on board the vessel was aroused by the crash and within two minutes the decks were filled with gasping and panic-stricken passengers, who, confused by the darkness and the hoarse shouting of orders, could not understand that even a few minutes remained in which to make their escape. The lifeboats were swung out and emergency rafts brought out ready for landing.

It was thought at first by the officers that the vessel would lie for some hours and an attempt was made to take out the baggage, but this was shown to be impossible by the suddenness with which the vessel took a heavy list to port, where its plates were crushed in. To avoid this Captain Hall ordered the port boilers blown out and the noise of the escaping steamers was the confusion and distress among the passengers, many of whom were women. Finally seeing that to remain on the vessel endangered the lives of the persons on board the captain ordered the men to take to the boats, and all who were not killed by the collision were safely got out, with the exception of the captain himself, who went down with the vessel. He was picked up later by one of the boats.

There was a choppy sea running and the small boats could not make a landing on the shore, a few miles distant. They drifted about all day and finally sixty-five people were picked up by the steamer Dispatch, which took them to Bureka.

Another boat under command of Englishman Brown and containing fifteen persons attempted to land at Trinidad and was swamped, thirteen being drowned.

STOCK RECEIPTS IN CHICAGO.

Over Three Million Cattle and Nine Million Hogs Received.

During the year the Chicago live stock market has received, in round numbers, last ten days estimated, 3,000,700 cattle, 183,600 calves, 9,015,000 hogs, 4,102,900 sheep and 110,000 horses, or a total of 10,480,000 animals in 360,000 head. This is an increase of 340,700 cattle, 17,300 calves, 320,900 hogs, 553,000 sheep, 11,000 horses and 18,500 cars, over 1900. Shipments during the year were, approximately, 1,034,700 cattle, 19,500 calves, 1,318,200 hogs, 770,800 sheep and 102,900 horses in 75,800 cars, being an increase in shipments of 100,100 cattle, 2,400 calves, 228,500 hogs, 11,200 sheep, a decrease of 132,000 hogs and an increase of 4,700 cars over 1900.

The receipts of cattle are the highest of any year since 1893, but the average weight is greater and the quality vastly superior with eight years' improvement. All past records were broken in the receipts of sheep during the year, as were the monthly, weekly and daily records also.

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ALASKAN GOLD.

A million years in the smelting pots
Of the great earth's furnace core,
It bubbled and boiled as the old gods
told
Before it was time to pour,
A million years in the giant molds
Of granite and mica-schist
It cooled and lay in the self-same way
That into their hearts it blessed.

A million years, and the clouds of steam
Were rivers and lakes and seas;
And the mastodon to his grave had gone
In the coal that once was trees.

When the Master Molder raised his
hand,
He shattered the gray rock mold
And sprinkled its core from shore to
shore,
And the dust that fell was gold,
—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

In the Mirror.

THE soft lights of the quiet rest-
aurant brought rest to Boynton's
tired nerves; he picked up the
menu with a sigh of content.

"This isn't half bad," he mused, run-
ning his eyes down the card, "though
it savors uncommonly of poolroom
bulletins; combination one, combina-
tion two—well, with a smile at the
concoct, 'revel' I'll play combination
seven—lamp—chop—griddle—cake—ly-
onnais potatoes—a hungry fellow can't
lose much on that—sure, Hello!"

His glance falling suddenly on a large
Japanese screen, partially hiding one
corner of the room, "there's an or-
chestra, too, hope they are on a par
with the rest of the appointments. By
jove! they're girls."

In the mirror by the end of the
screen a face had arisen, a laughing
girlish face, and his owner, tucking a
fat brown violin under her arm, and
blissfully unconscious of Boynton's
eager scrutiny, proceeded with much
graceful posing and sundry deft and
skillful jabs of a long, blackheaded pin
to adjust a huge picture hat upon her
smile and shapely head.

Evidently she of the merry counte-
nance was trying it on, for she turned
presently as if inviting an opinion
from some unseen companion—and at
that moment she caught the reflection
of Boynton's admiring eyes staring at
her in the mirror.

The smile vanished, giving place to
surprise, annoyance and swiftly grow-
ing resentment; but the look of utter
chagrin that flashed over Boynton's
face as he realized that he had been
guilty of a rudeness was clearly too
much for the young lady's sense of
humor, for after a brief struggle, the
stern lines at the corner of her lips
melted into the suspicion of a smile;

with a quick glance—half fun, half
defiance—she suddenly thrust out her
tongue, and with a saucy courtesy at
the reflection of the discomfited Boynton—
she disappeared.

"Well if she isn't a peach," thought
Mark, gazing ruefully at the empty
mirror, while a curious thrill tingled
along his nerves. "What stunning hair
she has. I wish I knew who she was;
somehow she seems different from any
girl I ever—He dropped his knife
and fork in astonishment, doubting his
ears."

From behind the screen came the
rattling notes of a familiar rag-time
air. "Why don't you get a lady of your
own?" remarked the violin, sarcastically.
Mark grinned in spite of him-
self.

"I'll get even for that, young lady,"
he remarked, "or my name isn't Mark
Boynton—I am going to find out who
you are."

During the remainder of his lunch
Mark racked his brain to little pur-
pose, but as he stepped up to pay his
check an inspiration came to him
"Eureka! he ejaculated.

"Beg pardon sir," said the cashier,
politely. "Why, certainly," she said
presently, in answer to Boynton's in-
quiry. "The violin player's name is
Miss Sturm—of course you can engage
her; she will be much pleased; a whist
party at your sister's you say—please
write her address. I assure you Miss
Sturm will be on hand."

Mark departed, chuckling. "Wonder
what she'll say to-morrow night," he
thought. "I'll ask her to play 'Why
don't you get a lady,' as I'm a sinner."

"A wfully obliged for the orchestra,
Mark," said Miss Boynton to her brother,
the following evening. "I never
dreamed of having anything so swell
as that for my whist; don't you think
it a nice idea putting them behind the
rubber plants?"

"Great, sis," replied Mark, "believe
I'll go and ask them to play something
for me. 'Here's where I take a trick,'
he muttered, threading his way care-
fully between the little tables.

"Will you kindly play 'Why don't—'
I thought Miss Sturm was to be here—"
would up Mark, leaning against the
placard in surprise.

"But I was Miss Sturm," replied the
stolid looking, round-faced violinist,
gazing at dumfounded Mark in mild
wonder.



It possible use only filtered rain water
in making a solution and you will be
surprised at the much better results you
will obtain.

Try rubbing around the edge of the
plate, say one-sixteenth of an inch
deep, with a piece of wax candle to pre-
vent frilling.

Those who find difficulty in using a
brush for spotting pinholes in negatives
or prints, should try an ordinary wood-
en toothpick sharpened to a needle
point.

To dry plates in a hurry after fixing
and washing, lay the plate in alcohol
and let it remain two minutes. Rest
plate on one corner when taking it out.
It will dry in a few moments. Be sure,
however, that it is thoroughly washed
before putting in the alcohol.

An English amateur, who stands
among the recognized leaders, has this
to say on hand camera pictures that is
interesting: "Under-exposed and over-
developed," this is the true verdict
which should be pronounced on pictures
three out of every four hand camera
negatives. The error of over-develop-
ment is to a large extent due to the
widespread but very misleading notion,
viz., that prolonged development will
bring out the details. To put this fine,
crusted, old delusion in other words, it
is equivalent to saying that prolonged
development compensates for, or is
equivalent to, exposure. The hungry
school boy is sometimes told that the
thickness of the bread compensates for
the thinness of the butter, a maxim
which sounds all right, but is not easy
to swallow."

All amateurs ought to do their own
developing. It is really the most inter-
esting feature of picture taking. Any
one with intelligence enough to get it
when it rains can snap a shutter and
then take the plates or film to a pro-
fessional to develop. That is not learn-
ing anything, and moreover it is expen-
sive. Do your own work. Get intimate
with the auburn hair?" she said presently.
"That's Edith Sinclair, haven't you met
her yet? She's a Conservatory pupil."

"My brother, Mark," said Miss Boynton.
"Miss Sinclair?"

A tide of red surged over Miss Sin-
clair's perfect face as her eye met
Mark's. "You!" she exclaimed, with a
horrid little gasp, "the man who—"

"Exactly," responded Mark, "the man
who thought he had hired you to play
here to-night—and hadn't evidently."

Miss Sinclair laughed. "You took
me for Barbara Sturm, didn't you?"
she said. "I guessed as much when
she told me a gentleman had engaged
her that evening. Miss Sturm had an
engagement and couldn't find a sub-
stitute, so for a lark I got leave from
the 'Con' and took her place—but
aren't you going to play whist?" dropping
her eyes from Mark's intent gaze.

"I don't know," said Mark, in mock
despair. "I haven't any partner—I never
had a 'Lady of my own,' you know,"
audaciously.

The red flashed back into Miss Sin-
clair's cheek, but she looked straight
into Mark's earnest eyes. "Wouldn't
I do," she answered, saucily. "For a
partner?"—Indianapolis Sun.

FRENCH FADS.

One Seems Attracted Without Reason
Another Is Reverse.

The women of Paris are just now en-
gaged in the greatest fad. Every so-
ciety woman has one, with the result
that the little creatures are valued at
from \$20 to \$25. When they become too
large to handle they are sent to the
country and are there set free on the
great estates of the rich. Fox cubs are
very clever and very playful, but they
never are quite tame, and hence are
only temporarily safe house companions.

When invited to spend the night at
the home of a friend, it is now impera-
tive to add to the nightgown and the
toilet auxiliaries a set of clean sheets.
Really fastidious people do so. When
the Czar and Czarina were invited to
be the guests of Paris, their couches
were fitted by France with linen from
the stock of royal napery accumulated
during the empire of Napoleon III.

The imperial guests calmly and
quietly directed their attendants to re-
move the French linen and substitute
for it the pieces wrought with the
arms of the Romanoffs. This, it was
explained to their perplexed entertain-
ers, was the Czar and Czarina's invari-
able custom, and it seemed to them to
be as imperative a piece of refinement
as the owning of individual toothbrushes.

Now all the smart set pretends to have
been ever scrupulous in regards to in-
dividual bed linen, and drapers are hap-
py because it increases the quantity
and enhances the quality of their sales,
since their patrons consider that only
exquisitely fine, monogrammed or
crested sheets, ingeniously hand-
stitched, are good enough for use when
going a-visiting.

CASIMIR'S CHEF D'OEUVRE.

The Great Inventor of "Potage Ger-
main" Is to Retire.

Some tears are reported to have
been shed by the gourmets of the
Paris boulevards on account of the
intended retirement of a modern Vatel,
who for nearly half a century has pre-
sided over the culinary department of
the Maison Doree. This famous
cook, familiarly known as Casimir,
has been so devoted to his business that
he has never seen Edith's tower. Cas-
imir laments the decadence of dining in

with "the way to do it all yourself."
A better acquaintance will come with
the camera, and there will be a deeper
interest in its capabilities where one
does the developing and attends to the
details. Often it is said: "Oh, I haven't
patience." That's nonsense. Practice
patience. You have no idea of what can
be done with very limited conveni-
ences, and well done, too, if you are
really interested and try. The bottom
shelf in a pantry, or one put in the end
of a chest, a small red light, developer and
hypo, and there you are.

There is a wide field from which the
amateur anxious to do something can
choose. Portraiture, perhaps, is at the
top of the list; but undoubtedly most
difficult of all, generally, hardly less ex-
acting than the more common and more
active human nature always is; land-
scape with figures and figures; with
landscape, each different from the other,
and both requiring much careful
study and thought, especially as to the
suitability and placing of the figures.
Street scenes as pictures of everyday
life; marine subjects, with the ocean
or the lake in all their moods, and the
happy combinations of the always in-
teresting fisher folks, and the, to some
at least, equally interesting yachts and
yacht racing. Architecture also offers
great opportunities, although in this
country not so great as in some others;
and last, although perhaps not least,
flowers and flora generally, although
generally classed as the lowest phase
of art, have brought fame to some and
may do so again to those who really
love and know how to arrange and pho-
tograph them. Whatever phase may be
selected it should be stuck to, and stud-
ied in all its bearings. Especially should
the artist make himself acquainted
with all that he possibly can of what
has been done before in that line; exam-
ining and analyzing the work that
pleases in our picture galleries and in
the higher class magazines, not with a
view to copy it, but to become so sat-
urated with it as to form a style of his
own by which his work shall be recog-
nized as unmistakably his.

Paris of recent years. Formerly, as
ancient Casimir points out, the crea-
tion of a new soup or sauce or dish
was an event of equal importance with
the production of a new play.

The grandest day in Casimir's life,
says the New York Commercial Ad-
vertiser, was that on which he invent-
ed or discovered potage germain, a
soup made with the yolks of two eggs,
cream and sorrel. The potage was
prepared for a dinner given by the
Marquis de St. George, author of the
Mousquetaires de la Reine. Casimir
was as nervous over the reception of
his soup as a dramatic author or a
composer on a first night. He had his
reward when the marquis sent, for
him, and before the assembled guests
pressed him to his bosom and ex-
claimed: "Casimir, it is not a soup;
it is a great work, a masterpiece."

A Cripple Creek Incident.

He was just in from the East, and
the pattern of his trousers were such
that even the dogs regarded him with
suspicion. He was walking ahead of a
fair girl, his Cripple Creek cousin, and
as they climbed the hill he caught his
breath and held it with an effort. The
beautiful girl behind him was the first
to speak. She had been debating
whether to call him down for walking
in front of her or leave a boulder
against his shoulder blade. Finally she
took another course and got him.

"This light air don't agree with you,"
she observed, sweetly.

"Perfectly," he gasped, using all the
atmosphere he had on his person.

"Is that so?" she gurgled, sarcasti-
cally. "Why, your pants are so loud I
can hear them clear down here."

The man started slightly, intending
to freeze her with a glance, until it oc-
curred to him that such a course might
require air, so, thinking, he dragged his
lenden limbs skyward.—Denver
Times.

Getting Even with Joe Jefferson.

On one occasion, just previous to
opening in one of the large Eastern cit-
ies, Joseph Jefferson discharged his
property man, Bagley, for humiliating
him before a number of friends by fa-
miliarly addressing him as "Joe."

Bagley got drunk right away and that
night paid his way to the gallery to see
Mr. Jefferson present "Rip Van Win-
kle." The angry frau had just driven
poor, destitute Rip from the cottage
when Rip turned and, with a world of
pathos, asked: "Don't I no interest
in this house?" The house was deathly
still, the audience held in tears, when
Bagley's cracked voice responded:
"Only 80 per cent, Joe—only 80 per
cent."

A Judge.

Mrs. Noobridge—Mr. Whitlock had
some of my pie at the church fair last
night and he said it was very good.

Mr. Noobridge—Well, now, that opin-
ion, coming from him, is worth some-
thing; expert testimony, in fact. He's
in the leather business, you know.—
Philadelphia Press.

Not Enough Good Ones.

"Why do some people think it's
wicked to go to the theatre?"

"Well, I suppose it's because people
who make a practice of going so often
go to the bad."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Dried Peas for Fuel.

The Visland-Bolmen Railway, in
Sweden, has made a satisfactory test
of dried peas as fuel for locomotives
without changing the fire bed.

The wife who talks the least has the
best control over her husband.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

OCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

Wolves Finishing Work Commenced
by Hunters—Log House Burns and
Young Man Is Cremated—Aged Plag-
man Kills Himself—Fatal Fight.

Partial records just compiled show that
the slaughter of deer the past season
was the greatest in the history of the
state. A total of 131,884 bucks and
43 does were killed by fifty-three hun-
ters in the Deer River country alone, the
figures being secured from logging op-
erators who hunted the game bagged by
the different hunting parties. All told
there were over 400 licenses issued in the
country, and it is conservatively esti-
mated, based on the 131,884 bucks and
43 does, that there were at least 700 deer.
During the season hunters
scoured the woods in every part
of the country, and game by the wagon
load was brought in at Iron River and
Crystal Falls, of which it is impossi-
ble to get accurate record. At present
wolves are reported killing off the deer
in large numbers, many carcasses being
seen in the woods by lumber men.

Burned to Death.

About 9 o'clock on a recent morning the
log house of George Ord of Bay City
was discovered to be on fire. Many citi-
zens hastened to the scene and were hor-
rified to learn that Albert Geddis, a son
of George Geddis, had been burned to
death. At the same time his brother, Wil-
son, was badly burned, but not fatally.

Everything was done to recover the re-
mains of Albert Geddis, but owing to the
fact that water was scarce and the
flames had such a good start, all efforts
were fruitless. The origin of the fire is
unknown.

Ends Worry with Rope.

The wife of Godfrey Liese, dagman at
the Pere Marquette crossing in Clare,
where a woman was killed recently,
found him dead in his room. He had
hung himself to a bedpost during the
night. He was 30 years old and had
worked for the railroad for some time.
The cause of his death is unknown.

Killed in Street Fight.

In a street altercation at Saint Ste.
Marie, Lindsay Morrison was hit by
Ridge Barr and knocked down. Morri-
son's head struck the sidewalk and he
died instantly. Barr is a young man,
was arrested. Morrison had resid-
ed there for years and leaves a family.

Mother and Daughter Killed.

Mrs. Eugene Mills and her daughter,
Hilda, of Okemos were struck by the
west-bound Grand Trunk express while
driving across the railroad track near the
agricultural college at Lansing. They
were instantly killed.

Boy Shot by His Young Brother.

At Iron Mountain Philip Anderson was
shot by his 10-year-old brother. The boy
was playing with a rifle. Anderson re-
mains alive.

Within Our Borders.

Caro is to have a new governor, which
will be thoroughly up to date.

There is a great scarcity of hogs in
the country surrounding Jackson, it is
said.

The stock has all been subjected for
the proposed canning factory at Lowell,
and the plant will undoubtedly be built.

Isaac Westover, a miner at the New-
port mine at Ironwood, committed sui-
cide by jumping down a shaft 1,200 feet
deep.

Alma is going to have a \$12,000 village
hall, provided the people vote for the
expenditure of that sum at the spring
election.

The Colby House at New Lothrop was
destroyed by fire recently. John McCar-
thy, a farmer, was cremated. The financial loss
is \$4,000.

Sufficient acreage could be secured in
the vicinity of Lansing to warrant the
building of another sugar factory, and
rumor has it that one will be.

The Bay City Times-Press says there
is little doubt that the project for a po-
tato starch factory in that city will be a
go. The site for the plant has been de-
cided upon.

The agents who are securing acreage
for the growing of cactus for sugar
factory at Greenville report that they
have at the present time a larger num-
ber of acres than were ever promised
the first year to any factory in the state.

In nine of the sixteen townships of
Livingston County, it is said, the peti-
tions for a local option election in the
spring have been largely signed.

Robert Scott of Verona township slip-
ped and fell while walking on the ice,
and a pole he was carrying struck his
head and inflicting injuries from which
he died shortly afterward.

The wife of Rev. A. G. Blood and his
daughter Mabel were dangerously hurt
in a runaway at Laingsburg. Mrs. Blood
has a limb broken and Miss Mabel has
a broken shoulder and was hurt internally.

"Short change" swindlers are working
business men in the western end of the
upper peninsula.

The township of Merritt manages to
worry along without either a constable
or deputy sheriff.

A civic federation is being organized
at Calumet with the object of securing a
stricter enforcement of the laws.

The Grand Rapids Board of Trade is
trying to raise \$20,000 to build a boat to
be operated on Grand river next year.

A new hotel is being erected at Green-
land which will when finished be the best
building of the kind in Ontonagon Coun-
ty, it is said.

The 3-month-old baby of E. Peterson
of Menashaue was smothered to death
under the bedclothes while sleeping in
the same bed with his parents.

W. P. Edmonds of New Haven recent-
ly sold out his implement business. Be-
fore he left he presented an employee of
many years with \$100 in cash.

Fire at Muskegon gutted A. P. Con-
nor's cloth store, causing a loss of
\$85,000; insurance \$20,000. Jeannot &
Co., general merchandise, lost \$6,000.

Four hundred converts were made dur-
ing the three weeks' campaign of the
Salvation Army at Belding. Capt. Ben-
nard expects to establish permanent bar-
acks there soon.

Silt has been struck by the drillers who
were putting down a well at Britton in
the hope of finding oil or gas, and a
company with \$20,000 has been organized
to develop the well.

South Haven has added \$700 to the vil-
lage treasury by declaring that amount
forfeited by the West Shore Traction
Company in not building road as stated
in franchise given them.

James Lock of Grand Haven has dur-
ing the season just closed shipped 28,840
radish plants, and the remarkable thing
about it is that they were grown from
a single pound of seed.

A number of Dryden farmers will not
conform to the use of mail boxes pre-
scribed by the Postoffice Department for
the rural delivery, and go to town in the
good old way for their mail.

Nicholas De Vries, prominent farmer of
Jamestown, attempted suicide by shoot-
ing himself in the head. The bullet
glanced off his temple and he will live,
but for the deed is unknown.

Port Huron deserves the name of the
cheery center of the United States. The
local factory has now on hand 10,000
tons of the product, or about two-thirds
of the entire output of the United
States.

The clothing merchants of Ionia have
signed an agreement to close their stores
at 6 o'clock every evening except Wed-
nesday and Saturday. The agreement
also states that they will not open their
stores on Sunday.

The man who owns a good farm in this
section of Michigan, says the Elele Sun,
needs to be careful in putting a price on
his holdings unless he is anxious to sell.
A price that seemed high not so long ago
will find buyers quick.

George E. Walker, who embezzled sev-
eral thousand dollars from the Newberry
Bank, writes from El Paso, Texas, to
President Datcher, offering to return and
make such restitution as he can and to
submit to punishment. His whereabouts
were unknown prior to the receipt of his
letter from Texas.

A possum supper was the cause of
much excitement in Benton Harbor the
other night. A young fellow named Bus-
by entered the church smoking a cigar.
Joseph Keene told him to stop—and a lit-
tle later Busby went to a dance, using
language not generally heard in a house
of worship. It broke up the social.

Mrs. Norman Wood of Ann Arbor has
received the sad news of the death of her
son, Walter J. Andrews, who has been
in the Philippines for some time. While
endeavoring to carry a wounded comrade
to the rear, young Andrews was shot in
the head and had just time to ask that
word be sent home before he breathed
his last.

The Pere Marquette ferry Muskegon,
which went ashore at Ludington, af-
ter striking a bar, has been released and
towed to port. The wrecking job was
performed by Captain James Red of Sur-
port. Out of the wreck were recovered the
wreckers. The steamer was pumped dry
and then floated in a sixteen-foot passage
dredged by the Pere Marquette ferry
No. 15. It is believed the loss to the
underwriters will reach \$60,000.

A spruce caused the destruction of the
Colby House and the cremation of John
McCarthy, at New Lothrop. It is claimed
that McCarthy, who was a landlord at
the hotel, went out to a dance and
ended the celebration by having to be put
to bed by friends about 2 o'clock in the
morning. At 5 o'clock the building was
discovered to be on fire and the occu-
pants escaped for their lives in their
night clothing. McCarthy was cremat-
ed. He was 40 years of age.

County Clerk Corbett of St. Joseph
announces that 1,400 marriage licenses
were issued from his office during the
year, and 1,140 marriages were performed
in his office or at his home. During
the year nearly \$5,000 was divided among
the ministers. One-third of the marriages
were celebrated by justices of the peace
during the year. Couples from nearly
every part of the country have been mar-
ried there, and every city of any im-
portance in the country has been repre-
sented.

A bride of 13 and a groom aged 17
were the contracting parties to a mar-
riage solemnized at Sarnia recently, and
the circumstances of which are under in-
vestigation by the Port Huron prosecu-
tor. The bride is Ella Sharp, while the
youthful groom is Nelson De-
bol. The couple went to Sarnia, ac-
companied by the little girl's mother and
stepfather, and in procuring the license
the ages were given as 16 and 15 years,
respectively. When Prosecuting Attorney
Cady became cognizant of the affair
he started an investigation, but it is not
likely that any criminal proceedings will
be taken.

The new opera house was opened at
Mt. Pleasant by Phil Hunt presenting
"Hennec's Partner." The house has
a seating capacity of 1,000. The theater
is heated by steam and lighted by gas
and electricity, and has a splendid Ve-
netian scene drop curtain.

A site has been chosen for Ypsilanti's
new cotton factory on a strip of city
land near the water works plant and on
a Michigan Central side track, and work
will be begun on the plant without delay.
The buildings will be set up and equip-
ped by the Hastings Industrial Co. for \$11-
000.

THE STATE TEACHERS

MEETING AT GRAND RAPIDS AT- TENDED BY 2,000.

Addresses Made by Leading Educators
of the Country—Principal Gordy's
Address Taken Up for Discussion—
Booker T. Washington's Lecture.

Grand Rapids correspondence:

About 800 teachers and other educa-
tional workers of Michigan gathered in
Grand Rapids Thursday to attend the
opening of the forty-ninth annual meet-
ing of the State Teachers' Association. The
main business sessions were held in the
Auditorium and section meetings for dif-
ferent branches of school work were held
in the Central high school building. Sev-
eral distinguished educators from outside
of the State were present, as well as
leading teachers of Michigan.

The opening session at the Auditorium
Thursday afternoon drew out an audi-
ence which well filled the big hall, and
the visitors and local teachers were aug-
mented by many local men and women at-
tracted by the great gathering of talented
men and women. The hall was beauti-
fully decorated with potted plants, flags
and bunting and never presented a more
inviting appearance.

After the convention was called to or-
der Rev. J. Herman Randall offered the
invocation and a musical number, "Rest
Thou on this Holy Pillow," was sung,
led by the Union Musical Society. It
had been expected that Mayor Perry
would deliver the address of welcome,
but in his absence the visitors were very
cordially welcomed by Ben M. Corwin,
president of the local Board of Educa-
tion. He assured the teachers that the
city is delighted to greet them, pleased
to entertain them, will be glad to have
them come again and that anything they
want while here will be cheerfully found
for them.

President O. D. Thompson of Romeo
responded very nicely and the convention
then settled down to business.

It was a masterly address which was
delivered by William B. Gordy of Hart-
ford, Conn., principal of the State Nor-
mal School there, at the opening session.
"Methods in History" was his topic, and
he showed such thorough knowledge of
the theme that the large audience which
turned out at the auditorium was held
interested for over an hour. Mr. Gordy
was at a disadvantage on account of a
severe cold which hurt his voice.

The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1902.

Entered in the Post Office at Grayling Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Our Democratic friends are wringing their hands and crying about the robber tariff these days.—Exchange. Let them cry, the country can stand it.

The Trade Reviews continue to report great and general prosperity. The story sounds familiar, but the monotony is of the kind that everybody can cheerfully endure.—N. Y. Democrat and Chronicle, Rochester.

American bridge builders have secured another large contract from the New Zealand government. They might feel very much elated had they not discovered that their bid was only one-fourth of that of British contractors. Still, in the end, the Americans may not have occasion to feel very badly, as they have probably completely shut out British competitors.

Germany's Agrarians are having trouble with their tariff scheme in Reichstag. The bill is arousing enmity to Germany in many countries, and it is not pleasing anybody, not even the Agrarians. The present discordant condition of Europe shows the folly of the assumption that the chief countries of the old world could unite in a customs league against the United States. No two prominent nations of Europe could be united in a tariff plan whatever against anybody.—Globe-Democrat.

The lesson to be drawn from the condition of the business concerns of Germany to-day, is that when a country is prosperous, under a safe condition of trade relations, there should be no inducement strong enough to tempt the people, the business men or politicians, to make a change for the glitter of speculation or extravagant show. The United States is the most prosperous country among the civilized nations of the earth. Let us go along as we have been going, away all speculative ideas or longings for a change, and our workingmen from depressed conditions and idleness, and the country from ruin.—Buffalo "Express."

A Washington dispatch says, that since the December adjournment of Congress there has been a decided growth of sentiment in that body in favor of making tariff concessions to Cuba. The sugar and the tobacco trusts have been hammering away at the representatives and senators from all sides. The best sugar supporters have steadily lost ground. The chances now are more than even against the passage of the provisional Philippine tariff measure. This means free trade between the U. S. and the islands. This is a decided loss for the sugar people, and will be followed by demands by Estrada Palma, as president of Cuba, for tariff concessions, which will be urged by the executive.

Dr. A. Houghton is a homeopathic physician, who, he says, has discovered a means of creating artificial life. He has already grown a bucket full of crystals, and he says that in five years he will be able to make an entire man. He thinks he can raise one by a sort of compressed yeast process. If Dr. Houghton could manufacture a hired man who would not lay off on the Fourth of July or get drunk at the county fair he would be blessed by farmers the country over. A man that needed nothing, but an occasional drop of oil on his hinges would be a priceless boon to all employers who think 24 hours not too much for a day's work, and a hired girl who was her own alarm clock and had no knee joints so she could not set down to rest, would be warmly welcomed in our very best families.

The United States imports coffee to the amount of a billion pounds annually, of the value of \$70,000,000. It is proposed to cut off the greater part of this importation by establishing plantations in Puerto Rico, where, the Secretary of Agriculture believes, all conditions are favorable to the growth of the fragrant berry. Planting schools are to be established and within a few years, it is hoped, the United States will take a high place among the coffee producing nations of the world. The secretary also thinks that tea raising in South Carolina will knock out the Chinese importations. When we can grow our own tea and coffee there, won't be much left to reach out after. One of these days we shall depend upon other people for nothing and shall become a nation which is self-sustaining in every sense of the word.

In the National Reciprocity Convention, Democratic delegates were as insistent upon a Protective Tariff as Republicans. The Democratic delegate from Louisville, Ky., declared that facts of which he had personal knowledge, made Protection a business principle.

The cash balance in the state treasury at the close of the year was a little over \$1,000,000. The balance, it is stated, will not drop below a \$1,000,000, as the December taxes will soon come in. State Banking Commissioner Maltz turned in to the treasury \$14,569, which he received during the year as examination fees collected from the bankers of the state.

The republican party and the country at large are not in a state of mind receptive to Free-Trade Interpretations of Tariff utterances by McKinley and Roosevelt, nor are they cordially disposed toward any scheme which would use reciprocity as a club with which to demolish the entire structure of protection. They have taken their stand, and will maintain it, against any such perversion of the proposition of McKinley and Roosevelt.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

One hundred years ago Americans went to Great Britain and the continent to study new inventions and processes, and to purchase machinery. To-day British manufacturers are not only purchasing "tools" in the United States, but are sending artisans here to learn how to run them; while Germany is sending young men here to study our agricultural methods, and France to learn our business. The student has become the instructor of his former teacher.

If raw sugar were allowed to come in from abroad free of duty, the sugar producers of Louisiana and the West, not being able to compete with the sugar of Europe and the tropics, made with pauper labor, would be driven out of business; but since the raw sugar, as it is imported, has to be refined in order to fit it for use, it would get to the Sugar Trust two cents cheaper; but there is no evidence that it would reach the consumer any cheaper than at present. It is not to be supposed that the Sugar Trust is operating only in order to give the people sugar at reduced prices. Nobody has any grounds for the belief that any manufacturing trust is a philanthropic institution, and it is difficult to believe that anybody outside of the trust wants to put money into the coffers of that powerful and greedy concern at the expense of the home sugar producers.—N. O. Picayune.

A good many semi-good people still think that "civil service reform" is the "hobby of a few over-righteous souls altogether too fine for the rough affairs of this world. These semi-good people are semi-informed. Now here is a President familiar, if any man alive is, with the actualities and roughnesses of this world, rough ranching, rough riding, rough fighting, rough politics. And he is, and always has been, a civil service reformer all the way through, because he knows that civil-service reform means the merit system, and the merit system means the death of the spoils system, and that civil-service reform therefore is not only founded on common sense and what the President is always calling "decency," but in common honesty and the true spirit of American institutions, and that if the country is to live and flourish and accomplish its mission, the merit system must prevail in every branch of our government, either by rule or in the spirit.—Century Magazine.

We clip the following item from the Detroit Tribune, to demonstrate the advantages of being married: "Fred Fisher, living near Carsonville, found himself a few days ago in the worst case of chancery he ever got into. Propping up his wagon to do some tinkering with the king bolt, he was peering in to see what was the matter, when the prop slipped and he was caught by the neck between the bolster and the box. In this situation, being unable to release himself, his mind dwelt considerably on the subject of his latter end, and he thought of a great many matters he had neglected in life, his wife among other things occurring to him. He therefore set up a yell that brought her out of the house, and she soon located him by the legs she saw waving. She went to his side and said: 'Fred, I always feared you would come to some bad end, and now you have.' 'Well,' called the man in a muffled voice, 'don't stand there and moralize. Either get into the wagon and crush my head, and be done with it, or get hold and lift. 'Do I get a new dress if I do?' 'You do,' came from under the dead fall, 'now lift.' There was a straightening away of woman's muscles, the box slowly rose, and Fisher was free. Had he not been married he would to-day be stark and stiff in death.

A Great Reduction Sale!

We have concluded to add another line of goods to our well established business, and therefore we are compelled to reduce our stock to make room for our new department. The prices below and a call at our store to examine our stock will convince you of what we say as being a fact.

| Dry Goods. | |
|--|---------|
| 6c and 7c Sheetings for | .05 yd. |
| 8c Sheetings for | .06 yd. |
| Fine Blacked Cottons, | .07 yd. |
| All our 6c and 7c Prints, | .05 yd. |
| All our Gingham, | .05 yd. |
| 10c and 12c Percales, | .08 yd. |
| German Blue Prints, regular price 10c, for | .08 yd. |
| 5c and 6c Outing Flannel, White and Colored, | .04 yd. |
| 8c Outing Flannel, White and Colored, for | .06 yd. |
| All our 10c Outing Flannel, for | .07 yd. |
| 4c Crash Toweling, for | .01 yd. |
| 5c do do do | .03 yd. |
| Ladies' \$1.25 fleece lined Wrappers, for | .98 |
| Ladies' \$1.00 fleece lined Wrappers, for | .75 |
| Ladies' heavy fleece lined Underwear, for | .19 |
| Ladies' ex. heavy fleece lined Underwear for | .37½ |
| Ladies' natural mixed 50c Underwear, for | .37½ |
| Boys' 25c fleece lined Underwear, for | .07 up. |
| 8c Cotton Hats, for | .05 |
| 12c Cotton Bats, for | .10 |
| Shoes. | |
| Men's rubber lined Felt Shoes | \$1.62½ |
| Men's rubber sole and heel | 2.10 |
| \$2.50 Felt Shoes for | 2.10 |
| Ladies' fine fleece lined shoes for | 1.25 |
| Ladies' \$2.00 fleece lined Kangaroo shoes for | 1.50 |
| Ladies' \$2.25 fleece lined Shoes | 1.75 |
| Ladies' high top felt shoes for | 1.69 |
| Ladies' \$1.00 for trimmed felt Slippers for | .75 |

Our special line of Ladies' and Children's Capes and Jackets go at cost. This sale is a strictly Cash Sale! All wishing credit must pay full price.

H. JOSEPH.

Originator of Low Prices, (Opposite Bank.) Grayling, Michigan.

A Deep Mystery.

It is a mystery why women endure Backache, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Fainting and Dizzy Spells, when thousands have proved that Electric Bitters will quickly cure such troubles. "I suffered for years with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Phoebe Cherley of Peterson, Ia., "and a lame back pained me so that I could not dress myself, but Electric Bitters wholly cured me, and although 73 old, I now am able to do all my housework." It overcomes Constipation, improves appetite, gives perfect health. Only 50 cents at Fournier's drug store.

Frederic Correspondence.

Mrs. Chas. Kelley is visiting at East Jordan, this week. Preparations are being made to erect extensive lumber dry-kilns at the mill. A good old fashioned supper or luncheon will be served at the town hall, next Saturday evening, from 6 to 10 o'clock, for the benefit of the pastor. All are cordially invited.

Rev. Willett's was able to fill the pulpit again, last Sunday, having had a spell of sickness.

Miss Marvin returned to her duties as teacher. School opened again Monday morning.

Our depot is clothed in a new dress of red paint. Houses to rent are as scarce as hen's teeth. Why doesn't some one with capital boom the town by building.

Women and Jewels.

Jewels, candy, flowers, man—that is the order of a woman's preferences. Jewels form a magnet of mighty power to the average woman. Even that greatest of all jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to make or save the money to purchase them. If a woman will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Roschke's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive the dreaded disease from the system. It is not a cure all, but it is a certain cure for coughs, colds, and all bronchial troubles. You can get Dr. Green's reliable remedies at Fournier's Drug Store. Get one of Green's Special Ailments.

MORE HEAT, LESS FUEL.

Burton's Fuel Economizer is being universally adopted to prevent the waste of heat up the chimney, and to force it to radiate into the room. It increases the heat in the room where the stove is located, and heats one or two additional rooms without additional stoves, labor or expense. It soon saves its cost, \$4.50 or \$5.00, by the reduced amount of fuel used. It is usually substituted for the second length of pipe above the stove, or for any other joint in the pipe. It allows the use of any kind of fuel, including soft coal. It has no clogged trimmings. It has no close competitor. Sold by Albert Kraus, dealer in hardware, and Salling, Hanson & Co., general store, Grayling.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. County of Crawford, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office in the village of Grayling, on Friday, the 27th day of December, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and One.

Present, John C. Hanson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of JOSEPH PATTERSON, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Mabel C. Patterson, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this Court, purporting to be the last Will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that the Court appoint a time and place for proving said Will, and that due notice be given to all persons as the Court shall direct, and that said Will may be admitted to probate, and that administration of said estate may be granted to Mabel C. Patterson, your petitioner, the Executor named in said Will, or to some other suitable person, and that such further order and proceedings may be had in the premises as may be required by the statutes in such case made and provided.

Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the 3rd day of February, A. D. 1902, at two o'clock in the afternoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the next of kin of said Jos. Patterson, and all other persons interested in said estate, be required to appear at a session of said court then to be held at the Probate office, in the village of Grayling, in said county, to show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

JOHN C. HANSON, Judge of Probate.

GO TO SALLING, HANSON & CO.

The leading Dealers in

Dry Goods,
Furnishing Goods
Shoes,
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
Hardware,
Tinware, Glassware,
Crockery,
Hay, Grain, Feed
Building Material.

Farmers, call,
and get prices before disposing
of your products, and profit thereby
We sell the Sherwin Williams Paint,
the peer of all others.

Salling, Hanson & Company,
DEALERS IN
Logs, Lumber and General Merchandise.

Did You hear? The Great Bargains

we are offering. Just listen:

10-4 Bed Blankets, extra heavy, 39c a pair.
Men's heavy Fleece lined Shirts and Drawers, 75c a suit.
Men's Jersey Overshirts, fleece lined at 45c.
Men's wool Pants 98c a pair.
Men's Suits, double breasted, worth \$7.00, for \$5.25.
Ladies' Hose, fleece lined, 9c a pair.
Ladies' Vests, fleece lined, 22c.
Our motto is to sell our customers good goods at the lowest prices.
We aim to please.
Now is your time to save from 25 to 40 per cent on Ladies' Jackets, Capes and Furs. You are always welcome at our store.
Save your coupons, and get furniture free. A coupon given with every purchase.

KRAMER BRO'S.
The leading Dry Goods and Clothing Merchants,
The Corner Store. GRAYLING, Mich.

America's BEST Republican Paper.
Editorially Fearless.
Consistently Republican—Always.
News from all parts of the world—Well written, original stories.—Answers to queries on all subjects.—Articles on Health, the Home, new Books, and on work about the Farm and Garden.

The Weekly Inter Ocean.
The INTER OCEAN is a member of the Associated Press and also is the only Western newspaper receiving the combined telegraphic and cable news matter of both the New York Sun and New York World respectively besides daily reports from over 2000 special correspondents throughout the country. No pen can tell more fully why it is the BEST on earth.
\$1.00 per Year \$1.00
52 twelve-page papers, brim full of news from every where, and a perfect feast of special matter.

Black Smithing AND Wood Work!

The undersigned has large'y added to his shop and is now better than ever prepared to do general repairing in iron or wood.
HORSE SHOEING
will be given special attention and done scientifically.

Reapers and Mowers.
I have obtained the agency for the BUCKEYE line of Reapers and Mowers, which are conceded to be the lightest running and most durable machines on the market. Call and examine the late improvements, before contracting for machines. Prices right for work or stock.
mar14-ly DAVID FLAGG.

MARLIN
INTEREST is being displayed in the use of smokeless powder and jacketed bullets in large calibre rifles. A 45 caliber Remington-Union 500 grain bullet gives a shock to large game that the small bore can not give. It is not a new invention, but a new use of an old one. For Remington-Union 500 grain bullet, call for a copy of our "Special Smokeless Steel" bullet. For up-to-date information see our catalog. Mailed for 3 stamps.
THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Any person having a new and useful invention, or a new and useful improvement in any article of manufacture, or a new and useful process, machine, or apparatus, or a new and useful composition of matter, or a new and useful design in an article of manufacture, or a new and useful design in a trademark, or a new and useful design in a label, or a new and useful design in a wrapper, or a new and useful design in a container, or a new and useful design in a package, or a new and useful design in a box, or a new and useful design in a bottle, or a new and useful design in a can, or a new and useful design in a jar, or a new and useful design in a tub, or a new and useful design in a bucket, or a new and useful design in a tray, or a new and useful design in a dish, or a new and useful design in a plate, or a new and useful design in a cup, or a new and useful design in a saucer, or a new and useful design in a spoon, or a new and useful design in a fork, or a new and useful design in a 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The Avalanche.

THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1902.

LOCAL ITEMS.

TAKE NOTICE.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are one dollar per year IN ADVANCE. If your time is up please renew promptly. A X following your name means, we want our money.

Do not fail to read B. & B's. new ad. The Poor Commissioners held their January meeting yesterday.

Ladies Cloaks and Jackets at Kramer Bros.

Call at the Big Sale of Blumenthal and Baumgart.

Mrs. J. K. Hanson was visiting her sister, Mrs. Lewis Jackson, last week.

Queen Quality Shoes on sale by Blumenthal and Baumgart.

House to Rent—Enquire of Wm. McCullough. C. W. WEST.

Special bargains in the Shoe Department, of Kramer Bros.

A good resolution for the new year: Resolved, that I will pay the editor a year in advance for my paper.

Do not forget to read the new ad of Blumenthal and Baumgart. It will do you good.

J. J. Neiderer commenced cutting ice Tuesday, clear as crystal and 12 inches thick.

E. N. Saffling was in town the first of the week, looking over business and visiting friends.

One dollar will buy as much goods at B. & B's. as \$1.25 or \$1.50 elsewhere.

Lost—A Time Book, which the owner will please return to the AVA-LANCHE OFFICE.

If you want the best Sewing Machine buy the Singer. Sold on easy payments by A. Kraus.

Sheriff Owen has appointed Thos. Crotteau, under-sheriff, in place of Thos. Carney, who has removed from the county.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church will meet with Mrs. A. L. Pond, Friday afternoon, for work.

J. A. Breakey came up from the farm yesterday, and took home a big load of bran. He believes the cows pay for liberal feed.

If you are in want of a Cook or a Heating Stove, call on A. Kraus. He keeps the best.

Do not forget to read the Tax Supplement in this issue, and see if any of your property is advertised for sale.

The Mothers' meeting will be held at the school house, in the High School room, on Thursday, Jan. 16th, at 3-30 p. m. All invited.

Mrs. T. Crotteau has been visiting the old home and friends in Grand Rapids, for the holidays, and poor Tom is desolate.

Fritz Grouffelt returned from a trip to Anderson, and Muncie, Indiana, last week, and says that N. P. Saffling is enjoying the best of health.

C. W. Wright has been on the sick list for the past three weeks, and quite seriously indisposed. We hope to see him out again soon.

Constipation neglected or badly treated, leads to total disability or death. Rocky Mountain Tea also cures Constipation in all its forms. 35c. Ask your druggist.

Marriage is not a failure in Crawford County. During the past year there have been twenty-eight marriages and only two decrees for divorce.

Mrs. W. F. Henkelman is expected home this evening, from Sarnia, Ontario, her old home, and we are pleased to learn in the enjoyment of good health.

The Supervisors have been in session this week, and wrestling with the problem of furniture for the new county buildings, which are nearly completed.

Genuine Rocky Mountain Tea is never sold in bulk by peddlers or less than 35 cents. Don't be fooled, get the tea made famous by the Madison Medicine Co. Ask your druggist.

Mrs. Thomas Judge was in town Tuesday. She is ready to start for their new home in Idaho, as soon as the children have recovered from a severe cold which they have contracted.

Red is a danger signal on the railroad, on a fellow's nose and on a woman's face. Men and women use Rocky Mountain Tea and get genuine rosy cheeks. 35 cents. Ask your druggist.

If 400 delinquent subscribers would pay up, we would be able to pay our paper bills and taxes, and buy some shoes for the children, all of which are sorely needed. It is a small amount for each of you, but the aggregate would be a fortune for us. Will you do it?

The masquerade party at the Opera House, New Year's Eve, proved a very pleasant affair though the company was late in assembling.

Our schools opened in fine form last Monday, and Grayling is to be congratulated in having one of the finest graded schools in the State.

Bourn—New Year's morning, to Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Schreiber, Jr., of South Branch, an eight pound daughter. Hugo is happy and Grand Pa Funk weighs nearly a ton.

We are in receipt of the official Railroad Map of Michigan, issued by the Hon. Commissioner, Chase S. Osborne, which grandly shows the wonderful growth of the best State in the Union.

We received word yesterday of the sudden death of the father of E. O. Hebert, a former resident here, at Newberry. Mr. Hebert was 76 years of age, a pioneer of Bay County, where he located in 1852.

Robert Wilcox of Linwood, a former resident here, came up the first of the week, reporting a prosperous year, and the family in excellent health, but would like to come back to the best town on earth.

Friday and Saturday you can buy anything on the Holiday Show Tables, at cost, at the old reliable store, of S. H. & Co.

The Band gave a pleasing concert on the street on New Year's day, rendering several numbers which were new to our people. They are doing most excellent work and are an honor to the village.

Our home talent gave their second play, "Imogene," at the Opera House, New Year's evening to a delighted audience. The consensus of opinion is that they excel most of the traveling combinations that strike the town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Coventry were pleased with the presence of their eldest son, from Oakland county, during the holidays. Miss Etta Coventry accompanied him home for a little visit with old friends before taking her place to the school.

Saffling, Hanson & Co. do not wish to repeat any of their Holiday goods, and will sell them at cost, to-morrow and Saturday.

The second son of Hon. D. P. Markey, formerly of West Branch, attempted the lives of his father and mother last Monday, and then of his own, by jumping into the river. He has been declared insane and sent to an asylum.

Mr. Baumgart went to Detroit the first of the week to consult his physician. He will leave with his family in a few days for New Mexico or Arizona, where it is hoped he will entirely recover. His brother will take charge of the store and occupy their cosy home during their absence.

H. C. Ward has purchased 35,000 apple trees from a nursery in Kalamazoo, for an addition to his mammoth orchard in Maple Forest. He believes in expansion, if the State authorities do claim that this entire section of the State is absolutely worthless.

Mrs. C. O. Barret, of Grayling, arrived last week for a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. D. Barret. C. O. Barret arrived here in time to enjoy a Christmas supper with his parents, but was obliged to return to his duties at Grayling, Thursday morning. —Cheboygan Tribune.

An elegant assortment of useful and ornamental goods remain on their show tables at the Pioneer Store, which will be sold at cost, Friday and Saturday.

John F. Hum started for "Kingdom Come," Monday afternoon, but his coat gave way and he came back with a terribly strained arm, and some serious bruises. He was putting a belt on a pulley in the mill where he is foreman, and got caught and carried around the shaft.

Mr. and Mrs. Haley, of Lovell, gave a farewell reception at their home, Thursday, Jan. 2nd, in honor of the departure of their friend, Mrs. Thos. Judge, who is about to leave for Idaho. Her friends presented her with a token of their regard in the shape of a beautiful Bible, which was received with pleasure.

A conundrum has been sprung on scores of our unsuspecting citizens, during the past week, that was believed to be unanswerable. It is "whether the figure on top of cupola of the new Court House was made to represent a sick hen or a dilapidated crow." Having seen the specifications, we assert that it is the Great American Eagle, standing on the globe and holding the scales of justice in its beak. The design is all right, but it is so small for the elevation, that it represents nothing. We move that it be removed and a flag-staff be placed in its stead as originally planned. It would be a better finish.

Don't pass by the going out business sale at Blumenthal & Baumgart.

A good attendance is especially requested at the next regular meeting of the W. R. C., Saturday, January 10th, at 2 p. m., sharp.

JULIA FOURNIER, Sec.

Fifty dollars worth of paint and a little labor put on the house and farm building will add five hundred dollars to the value of a farm when it is offered for sale. Looks count almost as much with a farm as with a woman.

Thousands sent Into Exile.

Every year large numbers of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. Don't be an exile when Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption will cure you at home. It's the most infallible medicine for Coughs, Colds, and All Throat and Lung diseases on earth. The first dose brings relief. Astounding cures result from persistent use. Trial bottles free at L. Fournier's. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

South Branch Items.

George Royce and his sister Sylvia, attended the Christmas tree festivities at Sigbee.

Miss Olive Royce came home to spend the holidays. Miss Rosa Schreiber accompanied her.

I. H. Richardson had a family reunion, Christmas. The children presented their mother with a Morris chair.

Miss Redhead ate her Christmas dinner at Joe Royce's.

One day last week the people of Roscommon felt a shock and thought it was an earthquake; but it was only the largest woman in So. Branch falling down stairs at Dr. Grimms.

Chas. I. Richardson and family, F. P. Richardson and wife, and Miss Redhead spent New Year's at Frank Barbers', in Center Plains.

Willis Shellenbaker has taken a job, and making ties for F. P. Richardson, and C. J. Richardson drawing them.

John Corwin and wife spent Christmas with his father in Grayling.

Chas. Corwin and Mrs. Diggs, ate their Christmas dinner, with their brother John.

Miss Minnie Richardson spent New Year's evening with Nellie Corwin, in Grayling.

Miss Olive Royce returned to her school at Sigbee, last Sunday.

It Girdles The Globe.

The fame of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, as the best in the world, extends around the earth. It's the one perfect healer of Cuts, Corns, Bruises, Boils, Sores, Scalds, Ulcers, Feltos, Aches, Pains and all Skin Eruptions. Only the genuine Bucklen's Arnica Salve at Fournier's drug store.

The University of Michigan is supported largely by a one-quarter mill tax on the assessed valuation in the state. A man whose property is assessed at \$500 pays for the support of the University 12 1/2 cents per year, a cent a month. If a citizen owns a farm assessed at \$2,000, he pays 50 cents a year to the University. This payment of 50 cents is all it costs him to have at his command, for his and his neighbors children, an education of the best. A man must own property valued by the assessor at \$4,000 before he can say he pays one dollar per year for the support of the University.

OBITUARY.

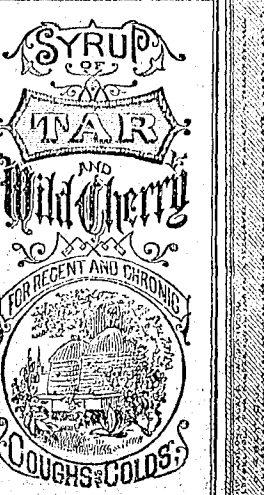
Died at his home in this village, Tuesday, January 7th, ALFRED H. WISSEMAN, aged sixty years, of heart failure.

The deceased was one of the pioneers of this county, having located on a homestead in the southern part of this township in 1880, where he resided until about eight years ago, when he came here to live. He was born in Newfane, Niagara Co., N. Y., Sept. 17th, 1841, and was married to Miss Jane Porter, March 19th, 1863, and soon after came to Michigan. He leaves the wife and five children: Burton J., of Holly, Mich.; Mrs. Sarah Wilson, of Coldwater; Mrs. Mary Etta Streibmatter, of Beaver Creek; Byron T., who is at home; and Mrs. Luella Metcalf, of Grayling, with many friends to mourn his sudden demise.

His death was entirely unexpected as with the exception of a cold, he had been in usual health to the hour of his death. He had worked as usual during the day, attended to his chores and eaten his supper with his family, after which he complained of pain in his lungs and feeling faint, took a rocker and leaning back his heart ceased its work and he was dead.

He enlisted in June 1861, in Co. G, N. Y. Cavalry, and was discharged in March '62. He joined Marvin Post Co. A. R., in July 1863, and for the last year was Commander of the Post. He was a man who will be greatly missed by his associates.

"Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded salon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"



SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

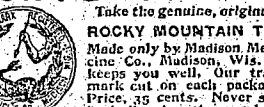
FOR BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, LOSS OF VOICE, Irritability of the Larynx and Fauces, And other Inflamed Conditions of the Lungs and Air Passages.

FOR SALE BY
Lucien Fournier
DRUGGIST,
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

WE SELL
Palacine Oil.
Compradour Teas.
Royal Tiger Coffee.
Fancy Canned Goods.
Flour, Hay and Feed.
BATES & CO.

C. C. WESCOTT
DENTIST,
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

Office—Over Alexander's law office, on Michigan Avenue.
Office hours—8 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 6 p. m.



DON'T BE FOOLED!
Take the genuine, original
ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA
Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitutes. Ask your druggist.

Great going Out of Business Sale!

On account of Mr. J. Baumgart's health the firm of Blumenthal & Baumgart are going out of business. Mr. Blumenthal not being able to attend to this store himself, as he is interested in a large manufacturing business in Detroit, and Mr. Baumgart has to leave for New Mexico on account of his health, we are forced to close out our entire stock of the latest and best selected lines of Merchandise. We have marked every dollar's worth of goods down to the lowest notch; profit nor cost out no figure. We want to turn the stock into cash, and we have a limited time to do it in. You will find a saving of 25 to 50 per cent on every item, whether mentioned in this advertisement or not. This is no fake or trade winning sale; we must close out the goods, and the prices we have them reduced to, will do it. Call early and have the full assortment to select from. Strictly one price to all.

Some interesting items from behind the Dry Goods Counter.

Best quality of light and dark 10c outing flannels at 7c per yard, as long as they last.
Best blue-gray and red mottled flannels, 10 and 12c quality, at 8c per yard.
Plain Daisy Flannels in all colors, 12 1/2 and 15c quality, a snap at 8c per yard.
Best Standard Dress Prints 4c per yard.
Ladies' heavy Jersey Fleece Underwear, in gray and ecru, 21c per garment.
Ladies' extra heavy Fleece Hose, fast black, the kind you pay 20c for, at only 12c.
One bale extra heavy sheeting at 5c.
Heavy fleece lined Ladies' Wrappers, the kind you pay \$1.25 for, at only 89c.
Your choice of any \$1.00 Corset, made in all the new shapes and styles, all sizes, at 89c.

Shoe Specials.

Ladies' fine button Kid Shoes, McGraw make, \$2.00 kind, at only \$1.39 per pair.
Ladies' fine Lace Shoes; new last, \$1.75 kind, at 1.39 per pair.
Ladies' fine \$2.50 Shoes, new last, light or heavy soles, at 1.95 per pair.
Men's fine calf Shoes, 1.50 kind, at 1.20.
Men's fine Box Calf Shoes, 2.50 kind, at 1.95.
Men's fine Kid Shoes, new last, light or heavy soles, 3.00 kind, at 2.30.

Overcoat and Suit Values that you must investigate for your own good.

Men's good wearing suits, in dark colors, worth \$8.50, at \$4.25.
Men's black all wool heavy Cheviot Suits, 8.50 kind, at 6.25.
Men's black all wool clay worsted Suits, 10.00 quality, at 7.85.
Men's 12.50 and 13.50 plain black and fancy worsted all wool Suits, at 9.85.
Men's fine black Dress Overcoats, 6.50 quality, at 4.45.
Men's black and brown fine all wool Kersey Overcoats, 9.00 value, at 6.45.
Men's fine all wool Kersey Overcoats in black and brown, 12.50 value, at 9.35.
Men's fine black Kersey Overcoats, satin lined 15.00 value, at 11.50.

Men's Underwear.

Men's heavy wool-fleece Underwear, 50c quality, at 42c per garment.
Men's all wool \$1.00 quality Underwear, at 79c per garment.
All other goods at the same reduction.
We handle all the leading makes of Lumbermen's Rubbers, and fine Rubbers, including the "Ball Band".
Space does not permit us to mention prices. Call, and get our prices. We will save from 25 to 50 per cent on all purchases.

It will pay you to come 50 miles to attend this great Going out of Business Sale, as you can save from 25 to 50 per cent on all purchases, or \$1.00 will buy as much as \$1.25 or \$1.50 will buy elsewhere. Sale begins Thursday, January 9th, 1902.

Blumenthal & Baumgart, Grayling, Mich.

The man who whispers down a well, About the goods he has to sell, Will never reap the golden dollars, Like one who climbs a tree and hollers.

We are not up a tree, but we want everyone to know, that our enlarged portraits are the finest in the country. Our stock of Frames is complete. First class photography a specialty. Amateur Supplies for sale.

IMPERIAL ART STUDIO,
Grayling, Michigan.

Dr. Andrew B. Spinney,
formerly of Detroit, now proprietor of "Red Cross Sanatorium" will be in Grayling at the Hotel, Friday January 10th, from 4 to 6 o'clock p. m.

He has new and improved methods for treating epidemic influenza, rheumatism, catarrh, deafness, and also all forms of chronic diseases. He assumes the treatment of nervous and mental diseases. Special attention given to private diseases of both men and women. He guarantees to cure any case of piles or rupture. Consultation free.

Contributors to the Year of Humor.

"Mark Twain," "F. P. Dunne," "Mr. Dooley," "Joel C. Harris," "Uncle Remus," "E. W. Townsend," "Chimie Fadden," "George Ade," "R. McEnery Stuart," "Whitcomb Riley," "P. L. Dunbar," "Gelett Burgess," "F. R. Stockton," "E. R. Lusk," "Tudor Jenks," "Ed. Parker Butler," "Carolyn Wells," "H. S. Edwards," "C. Bailey Fernald," "C. Ball Loomis," "Oliver Herford," "Elliot Flower," "A. Bigelow Paine," "Beatrice Herford."

Reminiscences and Portraits of "Petroleum" Naaby, "Josh Billings," "Mark Twain," "John G. Saxe," "Mrs. Partington," "Miles O'Reilly," "Hans Breitman," "Artemus Ward," "Orpheus C. Kerr," "Bill Neyer," "F. R. Stockton," "D. G. Mitchell," "H. C. Hummer," "Sam Slick," "Eugene Field," "R. Grant White," "Capt. G. H. Derby," "John Phoenix," "Wendell Holmes," "Mr. Thompson," "Q. K. Philander," "Doesticks, P. B.," "Bret Harte."

The West,
Illustrated by Remington.

Interesting papers on Social Life in New York.

Personal Articles on Pres. McKinley and Roosevelt.

A great year of the greatest American Magazines began in November 1901. First issue of the new volume. Any reader of this advertisement will receive a copy of a beautiful booklet printed in six colors, giving full plans of the CENTURY in 1902, by addressing at once

The Century Company,
Union Square, New York

WANTED—Salesmen, to sell a choice line of nursery stock. Steady work and extra inducements to the right person. All stock guaranteed. Write now for terms, and secure a good addition for the fall and winter. Address: The Hawks Nursery Company, Milwaukee, Wis., Oct 17-1m

J. W. SORENSON.

Furniture and Carpets.

UNDERTAKER.
GRAYLING, MICH.

OUR Great Reduction SALE!

As the Holidays are over we sell all our Silk, Satin and Woolen Shirt Waists at greatly reduced prices.

We have just received a large line of Men's and Children's Clothing. Our Selz Shoes are known the world over as the best. Try them, they will make your feet glad.

We have Sheetandless in either Columbia Fishers or Mueller's Brand. Give us a call.

Respectfully
A. KRAUS & SON.

One Price Store.

ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES?

ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion. About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely. I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever. I then saw your advertisement, accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and today, after five weeks, my hearing in the affected ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours, F. A. WERMAN, 736 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation. Examination and advice free.

YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME at a nominal cost.

INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 596 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.



MARCONI'S REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT.



On no scientific achievement of recent years has such general attention been given as was induced by the announcement that communication had been established and messages sent by wireless telegraph between points in England and Newfoundland. The distance between the two points, St. John's and Cornwall, is 2,200 miles, but signals sent from Cornwall were repeatedly received at St. John's, and persons interested in the initial step in what eventually may prove to be the greatest triumph of latter day science has thus been taken. Guglielmo Marconi, who has perfected the system of telegraphing without wires over widely-separated distances, is the one to whom the success of the achievement is due. His idea is ancient, but the utilization of the generally accepted principle has remained for the Marconi laboratory to develop. The apparatus for the most part appears simple and the mechanism is known to every beginner in electrical science. The vital

part of the apparatus is known as the coherer—a little glass tube stopped with silver plugs and half filled with nickel and silver filings, which is Marconi's product. Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor, began experiments in wireless telegraph six years ago when he was 21 years old. His first work was done in Italy and from there he went to England in July, 1896. Three years later his work attracted widespread attention when he sent a message thirty-two miles without wires across the English channel. Then messages were sent in this country by his system and communication between ships

at sea, divided by many miles of water, was made possible. Mr. Marconi is positive that soon he will be able to show to the world that his invention is wholly practicable. In his recent attempts to telegraph across the Atlantic, the most favorable conditions were not in evidence, as it was necessary to use a kite in the experiments, when a balloon would have been better. High winds made use of a balloon impracticable, however. Ultimately, a mast 200 feet high will be erected, with special machinery connected with it, and by means of this perfect communication will be established, Marconi claims. Stability

of the instruments receiving messages is essential, and this cannot be had with a kite or balloon. A mast will solve the problem and make possible communication. It is thought, over any distance. The Anglo-American Telegraph Company, which by a charter from the government has exclusive rights and privileges in the matter of telegraphic communication on territory under control of the government, threatened to begin proceedings against Marconi unless information was given that he would not proceed further with his present work and remove the appliances he had erected for the purpose of telegraphic communication. The attitude of the telegraph company is taken as proof that Marconi's attempt to telegraph across the Atlantic without wire or cable has been successful and its stand is taken, Marconi's supporters assert, to prevent the completion of a system which ultimately would lessen the present company's profits greatly, as the new system could be operated much cheaper and the cost of messages would be largely decreased.

PENALTY SOON PAID.

RED-HANDED MURDERER SHOT WITHOUT CEREMONY.

Swift Retribution Overtook a Bad Mexican in the Wild West—Harmless-Looking Red-Headed Man Acted Quickly When Right Time Came.

"I don't like to see one man kill another in cold blood and then walk off without an attempt being made on the part of witnesses to the crime to catch the killer," remarked Peter Gallagher, while the subject of homicides was under discussion at Butte recently.

"I once knew a man," Mexican Lou was called, whose ambition was to kill some one. He was an expert driver of oxen and followed his occupation between old Fort Pierre, on the Missouri river, and Deadwood, S. D., before the advent of the railroad into that country.

"Lou was a wicked looking Mexican, and was just as wicked as his appearance indicated. He took special delight in cracking his oxen with the twenty-five-foot whip he carried when there was no need of it and committing other offenses in which the very essence of cruelty was discernible.

"But Lou finally reached the end of his string. One time he went to a place called Woodville, a station on the little narrow-gauge railroad built by the Homestead Mining Company for the purpose of securing wood for use in its mills, and took command of the town.

"He seemed to have a grudge against every one and gave it out cold that he intended to start a graveyard for the new town.

"There was a little store at Woodville where timbermen bought their supplies. About two weeks after Lou arrived in the place he decided that the time for locating the cemetery site was ripe.

"Shoving a large knife up the right sleeve of his coat, he entered the store and endeavored to pick a quarrel with a woodchopper who was an entire stranger to him and with whom he had never before had a word.

"The woodchopper was not a fighter and avoided the Mexican as much as possible. The keeper of the store noticed his endeavor to keep out of trouble with the Mexican, and advised him to watch the latter and not allow him to get too close as he had a knife and was bent on murder.

"There were several persons in the store at the time, among them a little man with reddish hair. The woodchopper was purchasing goods, but when told to look out for the Mexican's knife he grabbed a pick handle with which to defend himself in case of attack.

"The greaser saw the move, and kept his distance for the time being, but in a few minutes he saw an opening and rushed at the woodchopper, with his knife drawn.

"With the look of a demon on his face he plunged the blade of the weapon into the woodchopper's body, then withdrew it and ran out of the store. The woodchopper fell dead.

"After getting outside, the Mexican started to run across an open space, his intention being to reach the timber at the opposite side, but he never reached it.

"Behind the counter of the store was a Springfield rifle, loaded and ready for business. The little red-haired man had seen the fatal blow struck and without waiting for further ceremony he promptly seized the gun, walked to the door, dropped to a stooping position, took deliberate aim at the fleeing greaser, and fired.

"The bullet struck the greaser squarely in the center of the back and passed through his body, killing him instantly.

"The red-haired man was at the inquest, which was held in Lead, a few miles away," said Gallagher, in conclusion, according to the Butte (Mont.) Inter-Mountain, "but when the jury returned a verdict to the effect that the Mexican had come to his death at his hands he coolly walked away without molestation from the officers present.

"They did not want him."

YOUNG RULERS OF THE WORLD.

President Roosevelt Not the Youngest Man at Head of a Great Nation.

President Roosevelt is our youngest President, and there is much talk of his being the embodiment of the young blood which is to put America above all other nations. But President Roosevelt is not the only young ruler in the world. In fact, he is older than at least nineteen rulers of the great nations of today. William of Germany is three months younger; Nicholas of Russia is only 39 years of age; and the Emperor of China is ten years younger still.

Possibly he might not be counted as a ruler by some people, but still his name is recognized, no matter who pulls the strings in the Chinese court. Victor Emmanuel of Italy is 28 and Vilhelmina of Sweden is 25. Alfonso of Spain is probably the youngest ruler of all, as he is not yet 16. Charles I. of Bulgaria is not yet 41. Abbas II. of Khedive of Egypt is not more than 27; Alexander of Serbia, but 25; Thank-Tai, King of Siam, 22, and Prince George of Greece, Governor of Crete, 32. Among the rulers of the little German States, Ernest Louis of Hesse is 33; Frederick of Waldeck 36 and Charles Edward of Saxe-Coburg, but 17. Several rulers in India are under 30, and in the western hemisphere, R. Ingleside, President of Costa Rica, is less than 40.

These young men of to-day must be older for their years than were their predecessors of years ago, or else the world is easier to rule than then. Certainly the government of the world represented by these "young" men, is wiser, broader and more enlightened than ever before.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Question in Astronomy. Do you believe in the nebular hypothesis, Brother Dickey?

"No, sir," was the reply after a moment's thought. "I neither wuz positive 'bout anything 'till he'll fire 'till shiners!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Let Us Hope So. Mrs. Wedder has remarried her first husband after having been divorced and then buried two others.

"Well, the first shall be last, you know."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Toothbrush Plant. One of the most curious plants in the world is the toothbrush plant, a species of creeper which grows in Japan. By cutting a piece of the stem and fraying the ends the natives make a toothbrush, and a dentifrice to use with it is prepared by pulverizing the dead stems.

A man who frankly admits that he is prejudiced never really believes it.

A TEST OF SOBRIETY.

Original Scheme Adopted for Gauging Capacity in Missouri.

Kansas has produced the marshall who decides on a man's condition of sobriety, or the reverse, by making him walk a creek. Cape Girardeau, Mo., has done better and produced a flight of stepping stones along which supposedly intoxicated persons must walk to insure their freedom from incarceration. "Coon Hollow" is a bit of low ground lying south of the Court House at Cape Girardeau. Beyond it live the poorer darkies and the less useful portions of the local population. The hollow is something of a sluk hole, and in times of heavy rains becomes considerable of a morass. To the inhabitants of the transhollow region the stepping stones have always been a source of trouble. They were so necessary that their removal has never been seriously considered, for without them any man who attempted to walk through the hollow in the mud would probably stick fast till help came. Even with them there enough of the inhabitants fall off in

the mud and have only the stones to cling to for safety.

Charlie Armgard is town marshal of Cape Girardeau. He has many a bit of trouble with the settlers beyond the stepping stones, and has often debated with himself whether or not to "run in" some of them who seemed to have had a drink too much. One night he was escorting home one who pretended he was sober. They reached the stepping stones all right, but there the assiduous trouble began. He could go a couple of steps and then he would miss, wobble off and pitch into the mire. Marshal Armgard's patience was soon exhausted. After the fourth or fifth attempt he hauled his prisoner away to jail.

That was how he got the idea. Now when he has a questionable prisoner from beyond Coon Hollow he takes him forthwith to the stepping stones, stands him on the first block, and sits down on the bank to watch him go home. If the suspect goes steadily across the line he is all right and can stay on the other side. If he wavers a little, and still keeps on the stones, he is all right. But if he staggers and plunges off, if he misjudges the distance between his foot and the stones and falls or trips—woe to him, for the marshal comes after him and leads him back to the lock-up.

"GO WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

Origin of Slang Phrase that Is as Popular as a Popular Song.

The popular phrase, "Go 'way back and sit down," has been credited to many sources, said a New York music publisher, "but the true story has never been printed.

"One night about a year ago several colored sports gathered in a saloon in the Tenderloin owned by a negro and patronized chiefly by men of his race. In the party were Smithy, the tenor, and Bully, the tout. Smithy came from the West and dressed in the height of fashion, while Bully's home was in the South.

"Bully had had quite a turn of ill-luck and his attire suffered in consequence. Smithy began 'kidding' him about it. Finally Bully got angry. He sized Smithy up from head to foot for a few seconds and then said:

"'Yo' am er fude, yo' am,' he began, contemptuously. 'Yo' done come 'round here an' try t' lit he folks know dat yo' am livin' on Easy street.

"'Don't yo' ding man, dat dem horses am a-gwine t' run fo' yo' in de snow dis winter. Yo' am't no steel rod. Yo' kin git broke.

"'Say, nigger, do yo' see dat chin fonder by dat stove? Take my advice an' go 'way back an' sit down, an' wen yo' git dere stay dere an' don't come back no more 'tillgit. Understand, honey?

"Smithy did go 'way back and sit down and was not heard of the rest of the night. Al Johns, a colored musician, who was present, thought the phrase was unique, and the next day he told Elmer Bowman, a negro song writer, about it.

"Johns thought it would make a good title for a song, so Bowman wrote some verses which Johnson put to music. In the story of the song Bowman stuck to the incidents that took place in the saloon that night, and when the song was published it at once became popular.

"The phrase was used a good deal by the opposite political parties in the last campaign."

Broke His Circuit. The shades of the goose and the turkey were discussing the circumstances which had attended their respective takings off.

"Did you offer any objection when first the cruel farmer hid hands on you?" sympathetically inquired the gobbler.

"Yes," replied his goosehip; "I cried out: 'Hello, what's this?'"

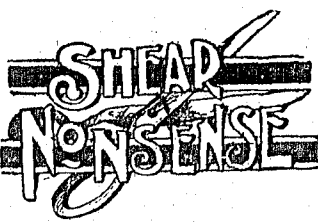
"What did you say next?" inquired the now thoroughly interested fowl.

"Oh," the goose replied, "I did not say anything more; just then I was wrung off."—Michigan Lyre.

Sultan's Pet Lions. Among the pets of the Sultan of Morocco are seven lions. These he permits to range the courtyards of the palace at night, to act as guards to the royal harem.

What has become of the old-fashioned mother who allowed her children to come to the breakfast table in their night gowns?

Among foolish people it is counted a token of ruffian breeding if a man spends an hour without making an apology.



Wanted—By the American People, a Patent, Indestructible, Naval Hero; Warranted Not to Fade or Shrink—Life.

"Our baby seems to have a natural taste for the piano." "Indeed?" "Yes; he's gnawed half the polish off one leg."—Motherhood.

A Painter's Limitations: The Patron—Do you guarantee satisfaction? The Artist—No, madam; I paint likenesses.—Indianapolis News.

Not Their "First." She—George, baby has a tooth. He—Has he? I thought he looked 'all cut up' about something.—Baltimore World.

Old Aunt (despondently)—Well, I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer. Nephew (reassuringly)—Don't talk like that, aunt. You know you will—Punch.

Fatal Accident: "They tell me you broke three ribs coming across the field. How did it happen?" "I was beating off the bulldog with my umbrella."—Chicago News.

Glady's Whims: "She's become of Mabel? Belle—She's joined the great majority? Glady's—You don't mean to say she's dead? Belle—Oh, no. Married a man named Smith.—Tit-Bits.

Sea-Captain—Waiter, what do you call this? Waiter—Bouillon, sir. Sea-Captain—Well, well, I must have sailed on bouillon all my life and did not know it.—Megdod Blatter.

Department Store of the Future: Wild-eyed Man—I want to arrange for a divorce. Polite Shopgirl—Two alices down. This is the counter where we marry people.—Chicago Tribune.

"Do you know Miller, the manufacturer of explosives?" "Yes; I'm in the balloon service, and we passed each other when his factory blew up—just a passing acquaintance."—Filigende Blatter.

"But I am worth a million in my own right!" faltered she, sadly, for she had read that mainly men abhor the thought of marrying rich women. "I love you for all that!" he cried, generously.—Town Topics.

"There's Mrs. Merrygirl's husband over there. Somehow he doesn't look like a very bright chap to me. Does he know anything?" "Know anything, my dear! He doesn't even suspect anything."—Town Topics.

"It's time, Charles, that we thought of getting Hilda married; she is eighteen." "Oh, let her wait till the right sort of man comes along." "What nonsense! I never waited for the right sort of man."—Tit-Bits.

The provincial barber remarked the sparsity of his customer's hair. "Have you ever tried our special hair wash?" he said, expectantly. "Oh, no, it wasn't that that did it," was the customer's crushing reply.—Tit-Bits.

It Was Great. "An' did O'Brien have a good wash?" asked Rafferty of Mulligan. "Did he?" replied Mulligan. "Shure, an' if he'd been alive to enjoy it he'd a thought he was havin' the toime of his life."—Judge.

Going Easy. "He is dying very calmly," observed the physician, as he felt the pulse of the sufferer. "So like John," softly spoke the prospective widow, "he always was an easy-going man."—Baltimore American.

"Are you willing to arbitrate?" asked the employer. "Certainly," replied the walking delegate, "provided I am given a reasonable assurance that the decision will be in accordance with our way of thinking."—Chicago Post.

Papa—See that spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? You reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web? Johnny—What of it? See me spin this 'top'. Do you reflect, try as you may, no spider could spin this 'top'?—Tit-Bits.

Mother—This young man has been calling on you pretty regularly, Mabel. Mabel—Yes, mother. Mother—Well, I'd like to know what his intentions are. Do you know? Mabel (blushing)—Well, er—mam—she are both very much in the dark.—Philadelphia Press.

Going to Extremes: Mrs. Crimmonbeak—I see in the paper that a woman in looking after another woman, to see what she had on, fell out of the window. Mr. Crimmonbeak—Well, that only goes to show that some women in trying to follow the styles can go too far.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling and trying to appear witty, while feeling the pulse of a lady patient—"I suppose you consider me an old humbug?" "Why, doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."—Chicago News.

His Little Gaze: Lazy Louie—Hello, Wuzli! You're lookin' like 't'ree square meals a day. What's yer lay? Willie Wuzli—I'm workin' de 'misery-loves-company' graft. I tells de jays dat I wuz reduced to me present circumstances 't'roo buyin' gold bricks. It's good for chokin' an' pie at any farm-house.—Judge.

On the Anxious Seat: Returned Trooper—Clara, you were engaged to me, and yet I hear that while I was at the front you went out often with that old admirer of yours, Bob Cudselly. Clara—Oh, George, he was so thoughtful, and I was so anxious, that he took me every night to the—er—war office—to see—er—if you were killed.—London Answers.

A Nice Game. "I came mighty near being cheated out of that election," said Senator Sorghum; "mighty near. It made me think of a poker game I was once in."

"What kind of a game was that?" asked the attaché who had his salary raised several times for laughing in the right place.

"Well, all I can say about it is that if the other fellows hadn't been too busy stacking the cards and dealing off the bottom to take any notice of me I never would have gotten a chance to ring in a wild deck on them."—Washington Star.

LADY WITH THE LAMP.

Florence Nightingale, the Sweet-Faced Heroine of the Crimea.

In St. Thomas Hospital, London, there stands the statue of a woman which is always proudly pointed out to the visitor. She wears the dress of a nurse, and carries in her hand a nurse's night lamp. The figure is tall and slender, not to say fragile; the face is delicate and refined, with a look of reserve upon it—a "veiled and silent woman" she has been called. The living face, however, would kindle with a strange luminousness in conversation, and the dark and steady eyes glow with what a keen observer has described as a "star-like brightness." It is of the original of this statue that Longfellow has written:

The wounded from the battle plain
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors
The cold and stony floors.

Lol! In that house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And lit from room to room.

And slow as in a dream of bliss
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls!

From the tragedy of the Crimean war this figure emerges with a nimbus of glory. One is that of the great Russian engineer, Tolstoy, with powerful brow and face of iron sternness; the other is this slender, modest English lady with downcast eyes and gentle smile. It is Florence Nightingale, whose womanly hand added so gra-



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

rious an element to the memory of those sad days. And of the two, who will doubt that the "angel of the hospital" has won the more enduring fame?

Even after so many years have passed it is difficult for us to read without being overcome by a flood of mingled wrath and pity the story of the thousands of brave men who died unattended in the hospitals at Scutari, or perished miserably of cold and starvation in the trenches about Sebastopol, while medicines and medical appliances lay wasted on the bench at Varna, and food in abundance was rotting in the holds of vessels in Balacava harbor. There were 13,000 sick in the hospitals. The death rate was as high as 52 per cent; four out of every five patients who underwent amputation died of hospital gangrene amidst filth that would have disgraced a tribe of savages. Such was the story that stirred every woman's heart in the three kingdoms as with a trumpet note, and Miss Florence Nightingale was asked to organize a nursing service in the great hospital at Scutari.

Florence Nightingale was the daughter of a wealthy English household, but born in Florence, Italy, from which city she derived her name. That she was a woman of fine intellect, clear judgment, and heroic will, cannot be doubted. Dean Stanley indeed has called her "a woman of commanding genius." Most certainly she proved herself in the Crimea to have great powers of administration. But all her genius ran in womanly channels, especially in that of nursing. Every woman, she said, has, sooner or later, some other human life dependent upon her skill as a nurse; and nursing she insisted was an art, one of the finest of all arts.

Florence Nightingale has always practiced what she preached. Born to the ease and luxury of a rich woman's life, she yet turned aside, and spent ten years studying nursing as an art, first at the great Moravian hospital at Kaiserswerth, next with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, in Paris. Then she organized a home for sick governesses in London. Then came the opportunity of her life in the call to the east.

On Oct. 27, 1854, she sailed for Scutari with a band of thirty-eight nurses, of whom ten were Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy and fourteen members of an Anglican sisterhood. She had a keen horror of parade and started with her gallant band without public notice of

any kind, arriving at Scutari on Nov. 5, the very day of a great battle.

What a colossal task lay before these gentle heroines! The hospital had 2,300 patients, and the wards were rank with fever and cholera and the odor of unhealed wounds. To this army of the sick and dying were added in a few hours the wounded from Inkerman, bringing the number up to 5,000. In this vast den of pain and foulness moved the delicate form of the "lady with the lamp." Instantly a new intelligence, instinct with pity, fertile with womanly invention, swept through the hospital. Dirt became a crime, and fresh air and clean linen and sweet, pure food became the order of the day. It was a strange passion of half-worshipful loyalty that this woman aroused in every one about her; she established a sort of quiet despotism before which all, even the highest officials, bowed the heads.

She toiled unceasingly all day, and when all the medical officers had retired for the night and silence and darkness had settled down over the miles of prostrate sick she was always seen alone with a little lamp in her hand making her solitary rounds. It was this picture that Longfellow had in mind:

As if a door in heaven should be opened,
And then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals through the long
Heretofore of her speech and song
That light its rays shall cast
From the portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand in the
Great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
The vision came and went.

Florence Nightingale remained in the Crimea till the last British soldier had left its shores, then stole back to England as quietly as she had left it. Within ten years the Red Cross Society was organized, whose emblem now gleams on every battlefield; it owes its beginning to her.

WAS ATTACKED BY KURDS.

John W. Bookwalter, of Ohio Tells of an Adventure in Turkey.

"So the brigands who hold Miss Stone, the missionary, in bondage, want four times her weight in gold for her ransom," remarked John W. Bookwalter, of Ohio, at the Holland House, in New York, recently.

"It is fortunate," he added, "that she did not fall among the Kurds. They kill and rob every time. I had one experience with them, and I did not realize the great peril I had been in until the danger was past.

"I have been a globe-trotter for years, but only on one occasion was I in danger. My escape was most fortunate. I had been about Mount Ararat while abroad recently, and the necessity unexpectedly arose for my reaching Estapha at the earliest possible moment.

"Estapha is a railway station between Baku, on the Caspian sea, and Batum, on the Black sea. Tiflis is about midway between those places.

"I engaged a guide and provided for a relay of horses at every tenth mile of the 200 miles we had to travel. Our journey was over the great highway, through scenery the like of which I never saw before or since. We started at 10 o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Estapha at 6 o'clock the following morning, making the trip in twenty hours.

"We had reached the summit of the Dolfin pass about 2 o'clock in the morning. Orloff, the guide, was sleeping soundly by my side while I admired the scenery by the light of the full moon.

"Suddenly the ymstchick (the Russian driver) jumped up and savagely plied the whip to his horses. I could not understand the cause, and as the driver did not speak English I aroused Orloff and said:

"'What is the matter?'"

"We were in the Kurd country. Orloff grabbed his pistol, and, glancing from the vehicle, turned as pale as a sheet. 'Keep quiet and cool!' he exclaimed. 'The Kurds are after us, and if they get into this carriage we are as good as dead.'

"The driver was still standing and lashing his horses, while the Kurds, four in number, were running at top speed, and they were very fleet of foot. They do not carry firearms as a rule, but are armed with a knife, a sword, a dagger, and a long staff.

"Several times one or another of the Kurds had a hand on the side of the carriage, intending to vault into it, but Orloff drove him off each time. Meanwhile the driver gave his horses no rest, and after going about two miles we wheeled the Kurds, who retired.

"Then Orloff told me of our danger. It was the custom of the Kurds, he said, to waylay travelers of whose coming they had received an intima-

tion, dispatch them with their dirks, rob the bodies and disappear. The Kurds do not look for a ransom. All they want is loot, and to secure it they first kill those possessing it.

"Orloff, the guide, was once captured in Bulgaria, by brigands, who maltreated him, and, finding he could pay no ransom, released him.

"The week before we were attacked," said Mr. Bookwalter, according to the New York Times, "a party of Kurds waylaid a party of six Armenian merchants, killing all of them and feeling to the mountains with their stores."

FORGET WHERE THEY LIVE.

Odd Instances of Forgetfulness that Occasioned Come to Notice.

It was a diplomat, according to Ribot, in his book on "Disease of Memory," who, when about to make a visit could not tell the servant his name.

"For heaven's sake," he said to a friend who accompanied him, "tell the servant who I am." Worse still was the case of one of Dr. Abernethy's patients. He knew his friends perfectly, but could not name them. One day, when out walking in the street, he met a friend to whom he was most anxious to communicate something concerning another friend. But unfortunately he could not remember the other friend's name, and at last, frantic with his ineffectual attempts to make his friend understand who was the person meant, he seized him by the arm and, dragged him through several streets to the residence of the other, and there pointed to his (the second friend's) name on the door.

A complicated instance of mental eclipse is that of a gentleman living in Edinburgh. He was once found riding in the morning seeking in vain for his residence. He appealed to a householder cleaning a doorstep. "Lassie, can you tell me which is Johnnie's house?" he asked. "Eh, mon," replied the girl, "but you're Johnnie—yourself."

"That's not what I want to know," was the angry retort. "I want to know where Johnnie's house is?"

"That distinguished lawyer, Lord Eldon, was the lord chancellor of England and had to keep a cumbersome piece of the national machinery known as 'the great seal.' His house in Queen square caught fire and to save the seal from robbers he buried it in his garden, but unfortunately forgot the exact spot. The story is told in many forms of the man who went home to dress for a party, but unhappily wound up his watch before taking off his clothes.

This set up a sequence of automatic actions, which ended in his going to bed instead of going to his party.—Rochester Post-Express.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST PLAQUE.

Those of Rome in 1556 Were Most Stringent, but Availed Little.

It is curious to note that there is hardly an older issued to-day by the government relative to the plague that has broken out in Naples than was not contained in the edicts of Alexander VII. in 1656, when Rome was last visited by the pest, to say nothing of the penalties which he inflicted.

Then, the moment news came that Naples was infected the energetic pontiff suspended all communication with the kingdom of the two Sicilies on pain of death. Only letters were allowed to pass after such rigid disinfection that little of them was left. All persons belonging to the papal states who found themselves in suspected districts were forbidden, also on pain of death, to return, while death was likewise the punishment for those who, coming into a city, did not present themselves at a certain office. Also hotel or inn keepers, heads of convents, etc., who received any one not having the papal guarantee and who did not declare the names of their guests, ran the risk of five years' imprisonment. All this before there was one case in the papal states.

Reading the precautions then taken is like picking up a modern newspaper, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Lazarettes strictly guarded, isolation and disinfection, navigation of the Tiber forbidden and the churches closed, but all to no apparent purpose. At one time during that terrible year there was not one house in Trastevere (a thickly populated district of Rome) in which the plague did not enter, so that it was cut off from the rest of the city by a high, thick wall. After twelve months the tide turned and the Eternal City was free, after losing 145,000 of her inhabitants, while at Naples the deaths were 100,000 and at Genoa 60,000.

Educating Young Indians.

The work of educating young Indians in the West is at times difficult, but it is seldom dull. If the teachers must confess to a feeling of doubt as to their success with boys bearing such names as Daniel Red Eyes and Andrew Yellow Thunder, they can at least con-

sole themselves with the fact that the corrected "compositions" is more diverting than in some Eastern schools.

The superintendent of the Lemhi reservation in Idaho is Mr. Mickey. He has preserved proofs of his pupils' work in English, in the form of various essays written by the Indian boys, and in several notes of excuse. Here is Daniel Red Eye's idea of the school in which he is a pupil:

"We learn how to work in garden, and cut wood, make fence and many hard work. The girls in house sew and wash dress and cooking dinner. I don't like go to school because my father he tell me I don't want to go to school. That all I have to say or want to say about a school."

Daniel had a reasonably good opinion of himself, as this excuse, sent to his teacher, indicates:

"I wish you excuse me this afternoon. My horse all run away yesterday evening and I didn't find. I hunting my horse this afternoon. Well, I guess that all I tell you about. Your good boy, Daniel Red Eyes."</

MOTHER AND I.

Mother has gone, and the house is lonely.
Here lies her book where she read one day.
Here is the chair, and the foot rest yonder.
Sits as she pushed it from her way.
Only a few short miles between us;
Just a short journey by rail—and then
Back to the cottage home so humble
Mother and I can live again.

Oh, I know I know I can soon be with her.
The not her absence that pains my heart.
Tis but the thought—that sometimes,
somewhere,
Mother and I will drift apart.

She has grown old,—so old and feeble!
What will I do with the dreary day—
What will my heart do with its sorrow—
After my mother "goes home" to stay!
—Jessie L. Field, in Good Housekeeping.

The Cyclone.

By Major Hamilton.

The long, weary day was drawing to a close. Away in the distant valley of the western sky the great sun hung round and golden, shedding his burning rays upon the brown and parching earth; no sound of bird nor breath of air disturbed the dread oppressiveness of the atmosphere, while under foot the prairie scorched and cracked, and covered with a matted carpet of dead and dried grasses, stretched for many a mile on either hand to the far-off level horizon, that waned and flickered in the terrible heat. Above, the bending blue of a pitiless heaven; below, the dull desolation of unhabited earth; on every side, silence.

In the foreground of this picture were two men—frontiersmen evidently—tattered, worn and travel-stained, haggard and wild-eyed, both on foot, and both half staggering as they pressed onward beneath the weight of their rifles—men who had passed some great danger, saving life only—men who were now face to face with utter exhaustion and despair, but who, from very habit, would plod forward until death's arrow struck them down—men who knew all the joys and terrors of this untamed Western land, but who were grumpy with or enjoyed the game to the final end with an equanimity that is seldom to be found except among Indians—true advance guards in the great march of civilization.

At length one paused with a half-muttered curse, and, dropping his rifle butt to the ground, leaned heavily upon it, and turned to view the path over which they had come.

Long and earnestly he looked, his bronzed face as immovable as though carved from the knotted wood, his deep-set eyes fierce and hunted, but desperate withal. His companion lay prone beside him. At length the latter spoke.

"Well, Tom!"
"That's naught," roared Tom, with a sigh of relief, as he seated himself at his comrade's side—"naught but the dry prairie, the parching heat an' the sky. They are following, no doubt, but a long way behind yet."

Both men were quiet for a little space, and the declining sun fell athwart them as they sat, casting long, dark shadows before them upon the dry earth, hardly more silent than themselves. The shadows lay close together, as graves might. After a moment one of them noticed it.

"Look, Dan," and with outstretched finger he pointed to the grim reminders, "that's the end!"

"I don't much doubt it," Dan returned; "but it's not yet; and he that's life that's hope. Come on."

Again shouldering their arms, after a long look behind, they turned once more westward, and plodded wearily forward.

Three days before, Dan Taylor and Tom Burt were as happy and prosperous as men need be, whose "clatter" was a good one, and whose every "pan" showed color.

Located in a narrow gulch in the Willow Hills, securely screened, as they thought themselves from wandering Blackfeet, with three comrades they had been placer-mining for a month most successfully; and had stored in their lowly cabin more than ten thousand dollars' worth of the yellow dust for which men strive.

Then came a night of blackness and blood, and fire—a night of lightning, and horror, and death—and as it were by the wind, their heads, striped and all but their clothing and weapons, their comrades killed, these two had escaped, only by a hair's breadth, to find themselves in the most pitiless of all enemies, a war party of savages.

Slowly the day waned, and, urged by a common desire to find shelter, of some sort ere night should fall, the men hastened their weary steps toward a far-away fringe of low trees, yet some miles distant, that promised a running stream and the chance of concealment.

A single prairie dog, shot and eaten raw, had constituted their entire ration for almost forty-eight hours.

As they strode onward, Burt looked sharply about him.

"More game?" queried Tyler.
"Aye—I'm starving!" replied his friend. "I fear to shoot; but, even if the reds hear it and find us, it's better to die fighting than gnawed to death by hunger."

"True," replied Tyler; "we must have meat."
Hardly had the words passed his lips than he suddenly paused, touched his comrade, and both sank quickly to their knees.

Rounding a slight knoll a hundred rods away was a herd of antelope, and "Them's better'n dogs!" whispered Burt. "Lie still an' I'll stalk 'em."

And, suiting the action to the word, prone upon the earth he began to writhe toward the game, who were meekly nibbling at the scant herbage. Tyler remained behind.

Slowly but surely Tom advanced, the dry bunch brash affording in places a slight cover, until he was perhaps

within sixty rods of the antelope and forty rods from where Dan sat.

Then, seeing no opportunity of further concealment, he paused, waiting for the best and surest possible shot.

And as he lay thus, watching the deer, with rifle at his face, his comrade saw this:

Away behind them, hobbling up and down upon the dim horizon, now a faint purple from the coming night, were a score of more of black blotches against the sky, growing each instant more and more distinct as they drew nearer. The Indians were coming!

Not far in front and just at the side of the unsuspecting hunter—so close that the waving head cast a baleful shadow across the bronzed cheek of him who watched the deer—there coiled a rattlesnake, disturbed, doubtless, in its afternoon nap, and now threatening a swift and terrible revenge.

These things saw Tyler and knew that safety for himself lay in silence; for, if the snake struck and no shot was fired, the dusky pursuers might know the trail and pass him by—and knowing this, his life against a double death, with renewed strength and nerves like steel he tossed his rifle to his shoulder, aimed carefully at the angry reptile before him just as its head was poisoning for the fatal blow, and fired.

There was a cry of surprise followed by an exclamation of horror, as Burt sprang to his feet and beheld the dying reptile, for the bullet had cut it almost in twain; and then, following with his eyes the direction in which Dan pointed, the fleeing antelope possessed no further charms for him, nor the rattlesnake any fears, but with a sudden inroad he turned, closely followed by Tyler, who was now at his side, the two sped away toward the distant timber far faster than ever before.

"It's a bit duskish," whispered Tom as they ran; "mayhap the devils won't see 'em—Ah!"

He was interrupted by a far-away cry, a voice of the night almost that rose and fell, weird and terrible, ringing down the twilight behind them—the wailing cry of the Blackfeet! They were discovered!

"That's but one hope now," panted Dick, as, with firm-set teeth and straining muscles, he men dashed on, "to reach the timber and fight them off!" On, on, through the fast-falling gloom, across the crisp, brown grass, above the baked and crumbling earth, they fled, while behind them rang clear and still, clearer in their ears the distant following hoof-beats and in front the trees of refuge loomed each instant higher against the darkening sky.

"If we can but reach the cove!" The sentence was not finished, for, with a cry, Dan stumbled heavily forward, staggered, and fell at length upon the ground. Instantly Tom was at his side.

"I'm not hurt much," whispered the fallen man, striving to rise. "I caught my foot."

Cold sweat rose in beads upon the sufferer's forehead; a dull, leaden hue spread over his brown and wrinkled face. He clutched at Burt's hand.

"Good-by, old man, and God save ye! My leg is broken! Empty my rifle into my heart an' go, quick!"

Tom looked at him a moment in silence, then at their coming enemies, and a strange light burned on his cheeks and in his eyes. He seated himself at Tyler's side.

"Pard, we've it an' lived together many a year, he said, 'now, if needs be, we'll fight 'em die together. Not a word! Ye kin shoot?"

"Yes," whispered Dan.

"Then, well call a few 'em before they get us in. But look, Dan—look!" continued Burt, suddenly, with intense eagerness. "Look yonder! What comes?"

With brightening eyes Dan turned. Away in the northern sky there hung a strange, funnel-shaped cloud, broad above, but narrowing toward the earth, that, even in the fast-thickening twilight, they could see in rapid motion and was approaching them.

At the same moment, a dull, roaring—the sound of an unseen sea upon an unseen shore—fell upon their straining ears.

"Tow drew nearer and touched his half-fainting friend's hand.

"Old boy, the finks'll never get us. Heaven's sake, lie to 'em us! That yonder is a prairie cyclone!"

Dan quivered, but, despite his pain, the terrible, swift certainty of their fate overcame all else, and true to his nature, he waited in silence with his comrade for the end.

It would not be long. Faster than the fastest horse the great demon of the air swept down upon them, and as it advanced the chill horror of its breath touched their long locks and waved them gently, the dense, whirling blackness of its mighty bulk blotting from their sight both sky and prairie, and the thringing, majestic roar of its voice shook the very earth.

Nearer and nearer yet it drew, until the mighty engine of Nature's wrath fairly overshadowed them, and with bowed heads they bade life farewell, until the matted grasses and the dry and should wind a shrill and grave about them, and then came an instant of utter blackness, of demoniac tumult, of crushing horror, when the hand of Nature's God seemed to press them, to the ground—and the cyclone had passed!

It had passed, and the two white men still lived. Touched only by the hem of the garment of the wonderful whirling death, they had escaped, but their dusky pursuers had been in the very center of its furious brasp.

To search for them, scattered, strangled, and buried deep beneath the mounds of weeds and earth, would be like searching for graves at sea—the war party was gone, and Burt and Tyler were saved.

Two days later, a wandering party of hunters found them encamped near a river's brink, and conveyed them to the nearest settlement, where, as the day passed, the broken leg was made new again, and the wild light died from the eyes of the rescued men; but so long as they live, neither will forget that summer afternoon long ago, and the cyclone of the prairie—Saturday Night.

General Nelson A. Miles has added to his collection of arms, which is one of the finest in the country, a sword worn by Simon Bolivar during one of his South American campaigns.



MY PIRATE.

"Five hundred dollars it will take to send you safe away."
The ransom is not high, but till I see you'll have to stay down in my darkest dungeon cell."
The pirate's voice growled deep.
"Without a thing to eat or drink Or any place to sleep!"

"Your friends I've sold in slavery And taken all their store Of diamonds and golden coin. So they have nothing more. There's perils on the briny seas, The pirates aren't all dead; And I make one bit of fuss, Why, then,—off goes your head."

I shook and shivered in alarm And paid the due amount.
One cent in cash, three peppermints, And kisses six, by count.
And yet he saves the drowning flies, Takes every kitten's part.
This pirate with the yellow curls And tender, loving heart.

—Emma Endicott Mearns, in Little Folks.

A GLOWWORM CAVERN.

The greatest wonder of the antipodes is the celebrated glowworm cavern discovered in 1891 in the heart of the Tasmanian wilderness.

The cavern, or system of caverns, consists of a series of small chambers in the vicinity, each separate and distinct, are situated near the town of Southport, Tasmania, in a limestone bluff, about four miles from Ida Bay. The appearance of the main cavern is that of an underground river, the entire floor of the subterranean passage being covered with water about a foot and a half in depth.

These wonderful Tasmanian caves are similar to all caverns found in limestone formation, with the exception that their roofs and sides literally shine with the light emitted by millions of glowworms that inhabit them.

When the king was a boy, The professor who was the chief instructor of the present King of Italy during his boyhood has lately made some interesting statements as to the methods pursued in the education of the prince.

"The first day I went to instruct the prince," says the author, "I was informed by those in authority that I was to treat him as I would any other pupil, neither showing him any undue respect nor any indulgence, even in trifling matters. For example, if anything was needed during the lesson, it was the prince who should get it, and not I, and if a book or anything like it were to fall from the table, it was the prince who should pick it up."

The tutor was sharp in his reprimands if the prince slighted his lessons.

"Your royal highness should remember," he said on one occasion, "that the king's son, if he is a blockhead, will remain a blockhead; for in this respect there is no difference between him and the son of a shoemaker."

At another time the prince asked to be relieved from exercise on horseback on the plea that he had a headache.

"If a battle were to be fought to-day, do you think a pain in the head would prevent your royal highness from appearing at the head of his troops?" asked the tutor.

The prince rode that day, as usual.

TEAM WORK AMONG SQUIRRELS.

A party of young people who were tenting in a grove near a glen at a Northfield Conference witnessed an incident which seems to show a friendly understanding among squirrels.

An out-of-doors dinner had just been finished and the party were still sitting at the table, when a red squirrel with glistening eager eyes, came creeping down a tree which stood near the table. He crept nearer and nearer, and finally leaped upon the table.

The lady who was presiding said: "Yes, help yourself to anything you want."

Upon this invitation the little fellow made bold to creep up to a loaf of bread from which only a piece of two had been cut. He seized it and dragged it to the side of the table, and somehow managed to scramble down the side with it to the ground.

He then fixed his teeth in the crust and dragged it away and down the steep side of the glen.

But when he reached the bottom and confronted the steep rise on the other side it was too much for him. Then he gave a sort of call, which seemed to be understood, for soon squirrels were seen scurrying from several directions. They trooped around him, and after a little conference all took hold, and with tug and strain they managed to bring the loaf to the top of the hill, and disappeared with it in the woods beyond.—Deerfield Valley Endeavor.

GRANDPA'S CHRISTMAS APPLE.

In an orchard in the country grew some beautiful rosy-cheeked apples. These apples had been watched from the time they were little green things, no larger than marbles, until now they were as big as a man's fist. "Ah," said Farmer John, "with a merry twinkle in his eyes, 'how the youngsters will laugh with delight when they see you.'"

Then he got a large basket and gathered them carefully, and in the evening he took a rag and polished them until you could have seen your face in them, they shone so splendidly.

The apples knew there was some sort of a secret going on, and laughed and whispered among themselves, wondering what it could possibly be. After they were all nicely polished Farmer John packed them away in a barrel.

But when he called the cover down over them and shut out the sun, ah—oh, dear, how unhappy those apples were. They wondered if they were never going to see the beautiful earth again.

Far away in a crowded city lived a family of six little children, who had only once been in the country. One day the express man left a barrel at their house. They quickly ran and found the hammer, eager to see what

it was. Bang! Clang! Every apple jumped. Off flew the barrel top, and in pecked six pairs of bright, excited eyes.

"A surprise from grandpa," they all shouted. "Grandpa's Christmas apples," and off they ran, every child with one in his hand to show to mamma. Then the apples understood the secret and the true happiness which comes in doing good to others, and they blushed a deeper red as they thought of the happy Christmas which the six little children were sure to have.—Chicago Record-Herald.

GREENLAND DOGS.

The Greenland dogs are harnessed four to ten to a sledge, and laden with four to five heavy loads. They sometimes cover sixty English miles in a day. A courier once performed a journey of 270 miles in four days. When five dogs are used, two and two are driven abreast, with the leader in front. They are tractable unless the whip is too freely used, when they will fall to worrying each other. The dogs are trained to hunt seals, the polar bear, and they fight to the death even among themselves; they swim well, too. When they sleep they make a bed for themselves by excavating the snow with their paws and nose, after which they bury themselves in the hole, leaving nothing but the nose exposed.

A STATUE TO A MONKEY.

The municipal council of the French town of Grenoble has recently voted a large sum of money for the purpose of erecting a bronze statue of the famous chimpanzee named Charlemagne, who not long since died there. For nine years the chimpanzee, which was brought to Grenoble by an African explorer, had enjoyed the freedom of the town, being privileged to enter practically every house and to help himself to anything he fancied in fruit and vegetable shops.

The chief reason of the town's great regard for the chimpanzee was that some years ago he rescued a child from drowning in a well. Charlemagne had seen everything, and for him to swing himself over the top of the well was the work of a moment. Descending by the rope used for the buckets, he grasped the child, and quickly carried her back to her friends, climbing up by the rope.

Charlemagne increased his popularity by spending hours in the children's hospital of the town, playing in different wards and amusing the children, who were all very fond of him. In such respect was this chimpanzee held that, when he died, the inhabitants of the town followed his remains to the grave.

THE STORY OF A STOVE.

There was once a stove that stood in the sitting room of a little house. It was a new stove, fresh from the store. The stove-man put it up and showed the lady of the house how to make it burn well; then he patted it on the back and told it to be good, and went off to his store to sell some more stoves.

The new stove looked around and made up its mind it didn't like the place and wouldn't stay. It wouldn't even speak to the tall desk in the corner or to the old red clock near by.

It was just going to be as cross as it could be. Then the lady would send it home to the store, though the stove, pretty soon the lady came in and said: "This is such a cold day that we must have a good hot fire in our new stove." So the cook brought in lots of coal and wood and newspapers and put them into the stove, then the pieces of wood laid across one another, and lastly the coal. Then she lit the paper and shut the stove door and went away, but the lady sat down to sew and to watch the fire burn.

But the fire didn't burn! You see the stove was so cross and sulky it wouldn't warm up the room. So after a long while the lady suddenly found the room was just as cold as ever and she wondered, "Why doesn't that stove burn up?"

And the naughty stove chuckled to itself and thought what a fine trick it was playing.

Then the lady opened the little door in the stove and shut another and pulled out one knob and pushed in another, and shook the stove good, and said, "Now, you'll burn!" Then she sat down again to sew.

The stove didn't like to be shaken one bit and it grumbled to itself, "I'll teach her how to shake-up!" And it began to burn, and burn and burn, and get red hot, it was so angry, and made the room so warm that the lady had to jump up in a hurry and open all the windows.

Then she poured in some more coal and shut some more doors in the stove and went out of the room. And when she was gone the stove had time to think. So it looked around the room once more and thought, "I'll teach her how to shake-up!" And it began to burn, and burn and burn, and get red hot, it was so angry, and made the room so warm that the lady had to jump up in a hurry and open all the windows.

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FUELS IN THE FOREST.

HOW MAINE GUIDES ARE PITTED AGAINST LOGGERS.

Later Dammed Low Streams—They Want to Flood Their Logs Down, but Their Operations Prevent Hunters from Traversing Water Courses.

The old guides in the wild woodlands of northern Maine are telling wonderful stories this season of the unprecedented number of deer which are roaming in the almost pathless forest. The farmers during September were kept busy driving the deer from barnyard and garden and the snorting locomotives of the Maine railroad killed so many deer at night that the game warden of the great hunting belt complained to the railroad officials of the slaughter. The new game law enforced this season against the killing of deer during the first of the autumn months was responsible for their great numbers, when the first of October sportsmen appeared on the scene.

A hunting trip through the Maine woods this year reveals a condition of affairs which only the oldest guide can remember as having existed before in that section. The past summer has been the driest known in forty years. In consequence many of the famous streams which have been wont to dash and foam by logmen's camp and sportsman's lean-to are now only shallow brooks which cannot so effectively for expeditions travel to the heart of the hunting range.

These conditions have been responsible for almost nightly feuds between logmen and camp-owners. The former have 3,000,000 logs at the head of the Aroostock resting hard and fast on the river bottom. Anxious to start the big booms toward the sea, the logmen have built dams well up toward the riverheads, hoping by easy stages to move them on their journey. The rivers have run almost dry below these dams, and the click of a reel, the swish of a line and the splash of water from the bow of a canoe, sweet music to the sportsman's ears, are unknown sounds these days; and the logmen are blamed for it.

The customary nightly quiet of the sportsman's camps has been broken. The camp owners have tried by force to carry